

Scandinavia

A Monthly Review.

VOL. 2.

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

No. 9.

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Scandinavia.

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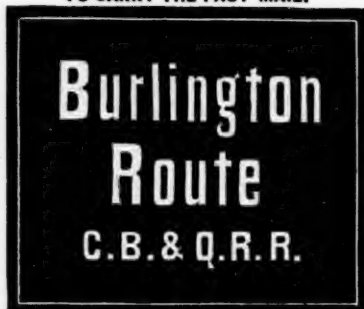
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Scandinavia

VOL. 2.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER, 1885.

NO. 9.

FROM HOME.

The Scandinavian countries ought, according to their location, to belong to the West, not to the Continent. They have, like Great Britain, and like the powers of old—Greece and Italy—more coast line than other European nations. The race is nearer related to the Anglo-Saxons than the people of any other country. Their climate is, like that of England and North America, such as to make the people hardworking and able to demand and to sustain freedom. Finally, their occupations and economical interests connect them closer with England than with any other country.

Yet the Scandinavian nations are, in the direction of their public and private life, at present following the continental nations more than the development of the Anglo-Saxons. They have not the practical and realistic tendency of that race. Their ideals are more like those of the Germans or of the French. Denmark and Norway are more influenced from Germany, Sweden more from France. And especially their practice lags entirely behind, compared with the strong individualistic movement of the English and Americans. Their Lutheran state churches are superior to the Catholic because they have educated the people and because they are more liberal; but they have not formed the practical, independent, hardworking men of the Calvinistic countries. They are probably, like the Episcopalian church, more liberal in belief than Presbyterians and other reformed churches; their clergymen are well educated, humanistic and rather easy-going gentlemen who, in their good positions, personally exercise a considerable civilizing influence. Still they are, like their brethren in Germany, not at all foremost in the movements of the time. In Norway the clergy is rather reactionary. In Sweden there is a remarkable gap between the orthodox church and the most cultivated portion of the people. In Denmark the state church is,

like that in England, willing to allow a considerable practical latitude and freedom; but even the recent movements in the church are rather retrograde, and even the humanistic, educating Grundtvigiens are rather orthodox, and commenced at least as a romantic reaction against liberalism and rationalism. Figures like Dean Stanley and Beecher do not exist within the Scandinavian churches, and the spontaneous, though often hardly discernible, but great and irresistible movement forward, as in the independent American congregations, partly also recently in the Scotch churches, is not possible in state churches. The Scandinavian churches allow an intellectual development outside and in opposition to the church. They have not produced the same practical independence and ability as the reformed churches, and they do not specially at present manifest the same development themselves as these. Their position to the questions and the movements of the time can, for instance, be seen in America, where they have a great influence over the Scandinavians, but where they yet hardly take part in the intellectual development of the country.

In politics we have often had occasion to mention the relative superiority of the Swedes, as well as the last salutary situation in Norway. Denmark is, however, continually—like the Norway of not long ago—an absolute political desert. Especially disgusting is the character of the strife. The leading politicians seem to lack all ability, and possibly even the will, for practical work. They are only able to keep up, and they often seem to rejoice in a most unreasonable, continued quarrel. Present politics in Denmark are a prominent example of the continental tendency of the Scandinavian nations to waste time and force for impractical ends. They prefer resultless quarrels and continued strife to mutual concessions and practical agreement.

The great literary and artistic interest is, unfortunately, often an expression of the same im-

practical tendency; that, for instance, the theater in Copenhagen again attracts a main interest—like before 1848—is probably now, as then, largely because the people do not live with their whole soul in the great interests of practical private and public life. The same is taught by the character of the literature, too often tending, not toward practical reforms, but being only new expressions for “Weltschmerz” and for other barren criticisms of life. This remark concerns a considerable portion of the literary and of the political life; but we recognize fully the fresh positive character of some of their authors—such, for instance, notwithstanding their strong criticisms, as Bjørnson, Kjelland and Lie, as well as also much in the political strife which really gives hope and assurances for the future.

It is characteristic, too, how rapidly socialism has obtained influence in Denmark, especially in Copenhagen. Its journal, the *Socialdemokrat*, has more subscribers than any other of Denmark's newspapers. This Danish socialism is certainly extremely mild and reasonable, compared with anarchism, nihilism and other forms of radicalism in other countries; and it is one of the greatest faults of the old liberals, like Carl Ploug, that they had when this movement began, in 1873, nothing but abuse for it, instead of discerning what was just and what wrong in its tendency. But even if the socialism in Copenhagen is not criminal or dangerous, it is obnoxious because it is founded on wrong notions; it is obtuse, and is one of the manifestations of the lack of true liberalism and of practical sense.

The economical life of the Scandinavian countries is closely connected with England and Scotland. The imports arrive partly through Hamburg, because that place is a great distributing point; but the main exports go more and more to Great Britain—to Leith, Newcastle, Hull, Lowestoft, London and other ports. They buy the lumber and boards from Norway and Sweden; the Norwegian ships sail in the British trade; Great Britain consumes the barley and butter, hogs and bacon from Denmark and southern Sweden; and the wealth of the middle class in these countries, the progress in the situation of their peasants, compared for instance with that in the largest part of Germany, coincides with, and is partly a simple consequence of the introduction of free trade in England by the abolishment of the corn laws and by later acts, and by the whole development of the communication with this country, during the war with Germany in 1848, after the

crisis of 1857 and during the whole of the last half century. Now it should be thought that the Scandinavian countries would recognize the benefits of commercial freedom. And what they have of manufacturing worth to speak of, is only what is connected with the natural productions of the country, like that of lumber, planing-mills, etc., in Norway and Sweden, or like milling, breweries and distilleries, packing of hogs and of butter in Denmark. It has no need of being demonstrated that it does not pay to continue to make shoes by hand when other people make them cheaper by machinery; that it does not pay to let a Danish carpenter make a door to a church by hand when without duty it would be so much cheaper to take it from a Norwegian planing-mill, that the Danish carpenter could get his wages for doing nothing at all, and still all parties profit; that it is not good economy to hinder imports of machinery or of lumber and other cheap building material; that it is not right by protective duties to keep the nation aloof from modern processes, which, like canning, contributes so much to bringing food within the reach of the many. All these countries have relatively liberal tariffs, and especially Norway and Sweden have until lately made great progress toward full commercial liberty. But there is still altogether too many hindrances, and they hurt so much more because the countries are so small, and artificial barriers, therefore, always have so much more influence, and often even produce the most absurd monopolies. Just when the time is propitious, as at present, to industrial development, any artificial stimulation is very injudicious. The benefits of freedom can hardly be more conspicuous than just in these countries, and still the prevailing tendency, undoubtedly specially imported from Germany, is at this moment rather to retrograde. Just the protective policy of countries like Russia and Germany could give, for instance, to Copenhagen rather a peculiar chance as a free port; and the circumstance should be utilized.

Another great factor in modern development, well appreciated in England, is that of emigration. This has been the real basis for English commerce and for British empire, and is of much more efficiency than French conquest or the use of German power beyond the sea. Scandinavia has the people for it, as shown by the million or million-and-a-half of Scandinavians who now live in the United States. The emigration has exercised so considerable an influence in Norway that there it could not avoid recognition, but in the

other two countries it is hardly noticed that out of eight young men one moves over the sea; or, if it is mentioned there, it is only spoken of with regret; and it seems to bring peculiar satisfaction when it is possible to hinder emigration, as for instance is the case to some extent by the recent Swedish law regarding extended military service. Now, there is no need to defend the fact that people migrate to where they find the best conditions of life; but Denmark and Sweden ought, just as well as England, to recognize the influence emigration exercises in elevating the position of the lower classes. They ought to recognize it more readily, because they need it even more than England. They may also still more than this country be benefited by the intellectual influence which is, and which still more might be, exercised by a lively connection between the emigrated part of the nations and those at home.

We have several times mentioned as one of the most important means of national progress the common introduction of the English language in the schools. Such a proposal would at present hardly be seriously entertained, although it would not be much more difficult than is now the learning of Danish or German by the Frisians or of the Danish literary language by the people in a great many Norwegian valleys or in parts of Jutland. And it would remove the present main barrier for the bettering in position of the lower classes by emigration. It would also through that at once elevate the standard of life for all who remain at home. It would finally widen and liberalize the manner of thought and the tendency of the whole race. We cannot here go further into this question, which would oblige us to investigate questions of wages and of education. The development of the whole national education ought, more than questions of armament, of artificial regulation concerning workingmen or of political power, to be the present main question in Scandinavia. We have again to-day merely wanted to enhance the necessity of a general practical liberalization of our people at home, which in our eyes is of still more importance than political liberty.

N. C. FREDERIKSEN.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

HOLGER DRACHMANN has recently published a new volume: *Danmark Leve* ("Denmark Shall Live"), 181 small octavo pages, verse and prose. It is a repetition of his famous book, *Derovre fra*

Grændsen ("From Beyond the Frontier"), but it will not have the same fate. It will not run through seven editions, for it has not the power; repetitions seldom have.

Mr. Drachmann made his debut in Danish literature about fifteen years ago as a pioneer of the Future, and Dr. Georg Brandes was, at that time, busy enough in posing him. Some years later, however—and, as it would seem, to the great chagrin of everybody concerned, Dr. Georg Brandes, too—the attitude had to be given up; for Mr. Drachmann's talent is simply a combination of one side of Christian Winther and one side of Carl Ploug. In both fields it manifested itself with great primitive freshness, but a trace of any new and truly original element it showed in neither. It proved utterly unfit to be the bearer of a new idea of any kind, or a new view of anything; and it produced hardly a line which might not have been written either by Christian Winther or Carl Ploug when those men were young—that is to say, when they were very young. Thus compelled by his own muse, and not, as a malicious gossip has it, allured by foreign gods, Mr. Drachmann gradually veered round, and now he poses as the champion of the Past.

It is apparent, however, that the latter position is as unsuitable for his talent as the former was. However glorious he may think its dying after-glow to be, Mr. Drachmann is too naive to stand as the defender of the sinking Past against the bitter and unjust contempt of the rising Future. It needs a man of more discretion. In the present volume, which describes a short trip of three days across the frontier between Denmark and Prussia, he speaks three times, and each time at length, of his attacks of sleepiness, of the casualties of hot-blooded Burgundy which brought them about, of the charitable humor of his polite host which carried him through them, etc. Now, it is very true that the Danes of the Past were blessed with a wonderful talent for sleeping—both with and without casualties or humor—and there is no reason to doubt that Mr. Drachmann's sympathy for this talent is completely genuine; but the beds and the bedrooms, with their drowsiness and dreams, are not exactly the things which should be brought prominently forward in a defense of that Past. There also needs a man of more discrimination. "You make me a wreath," Mr. Drachmann says to a young lady, "from the flowers on yonder grave, and in the meantime I will make you a poem on the hero who sleeps beneath them." As the wreath was rounded

the poem was finished, and the latter is duly presented to the reader. But even if that poem had been anything more than the loose jabbering of a school-boy, Mr. Drachmann should have known that such highblown sentimentality—such flabby affectation—already began to disgust the Danes thirty years ago. First and foremost, however, there needs a man of more thought. Whenever Mr. Drachmann takes up the debate with his antagonists, his final, if not his only argument, is this: "You" stick to the neck in the mud of Materialism, haggling and wrangling about things worth nothing, the mere toys of vanity; while "We" draw our ideas, our inspirations, our motives, from another—a "Higher Sphere." It may be true that, politically, socially, morally, the present contest in Denmark between Right and Left is not of any very deep significance; but it is at this moment all there is of Danish life, and he who has no part in it is a dead man. Well, then, under such circumstances, what does it mean—all this talk about the "Higher Sphere"? I will tell you. Thirty years ago that phrase was the magic formula by which every sound, practical instinct in Danish nature was stunted, perverted, or killed, and now it is in Danish literature the most common form of that which in English and American law is called false pretenses. In the present book, I hope, the phrase is only an indication of intellectual poverty.

Mr. Drachmann's talent—for, in spite of the last five or six volumes* he has issued, he has a talent—must be kept away from anything which looks like debate, in order to be really effective. When sorrow weeps and joy laughs, perhaps not knowing why—when the case in hand is the simple, instantaneous, involuntary movement of the heart—Holger Drachmann is the man to put it in song, and in doing so he will certainly not miss his reward, for even in the dullest Dane there is a ready echo to a good song. But when life becomes a turbulent stream, where blunted egotism, crooked ambition, foolish delusions, anger and envy form eddies and whirlpools, while no radiant goal appears to force the confusion into order, and no achievements give any measure of the actual power at work, Mr. Drachmann's muse is blind, irritated, confused and obscure, and her song is in a disagreeable man-

ner disfigured with platitudes and trivialities. Swarms of short sentences chase each other, but they do not dance; long-winded descriptions and far-fetched similes are patched together, but they give no picture; singular phrases, abrupt transitions, broken periods, tumble over each other, but there is no passion; ejaculations, dashes, "Higher Spheres" in abundance, but no argument. And what good shall that do?

* * *

DR. EDWARD BRANDES has written a new drama in two acts: *Et Brud* ("Breaking-off"). It bears exactly the same character as "The Visit," and "An Engagement": quiet elegance, more English than French, resulting from a refined sense of comfort rather than from a brilliant and fastidious fancy; perfect repose, no stir, no noise, you hardly move from the easy-chair of the sitting-room; and this peculiar intimacy, so reserved and yet so sweet, which, in order to be always candid, grows silent when it cannot be open, and which, in order to be always true, never risks itself in the haphazards of the moment's excitement. "Breaking-off" is not so perfect, however, as its two predecessors. There is a flaw in the pearl.

The plot is very simple. A widower—scientist, freethinker, and a wanderer on earth, partly on account of untoward circumstances, partly on account of the demands of his science—leaves his only child, a daughter, to be educated by a particular friend of his, an unmarried lady who stands at the head of a large female institute of great repute. After an absence of several years he returns home, determined to settle down for the rest of his life. The daughter he finds just blooming into beautiful womanhood, but he also finds her just engaged to her teacher in religion. There is the conflict. In his conversations with the young girl he is cautious, kind and yielding, but, as she cannot help suspecting, he yields on purpose. In his encounter with the theologian he is sharp, even rude, and declares open war. Then follows a meeting between him and his friend, the lady-director of the institute, very short, she speaking, he listening, the whole scene kept in a light, easy, almost frivolous tone. But this scene is the catastrophe. Immediately after that meeting, without a moment's hesitation, without a word of explanation, he turns around, breaks off completely, surrenders on every point, gives his daughter to the theologian and goes away. Let me add, in passing, that the closing

*Dostojewsky felt immensely elated when, after seven years' toil, he had produced a book which actually "weighed five pounds." But Mr. Drachmann writes more than five pounds a year. If he continues going on at that rate, he will soon be unable to carry his own authorship; he will sink under it and be buried by it.

scene between father and daughter is a most exquisite piece of pathetic art. So very little is said, so very much is felt. Though not the slightest appeal is made to a roused imagination, the leaves tremble with emotion while you read them over.

The best drawn character in the drama is the theologian, and I daresay it has cost Dr. Edward Brandes many sheets of paper and many pangs of self-abnegation to put that fellow down in the book, such as he stands there. In a recent essay on "Politics and Religion," Count Holstein-Ledreborg, a Roman Catholic, and one of the most prominent leaders of the Danish Left, has defined, or rather described, religion as that total view of nature and history, of the universe, and more especially of human life, from which man draws his first, his principal motive for acting, and which he strives or should strive to realize by his every action. This is true, and should never be lost sight of whenever religion is considered in its historical existence or as an agency in social and political life. But psychologically the description is insufficient. If there were not something else or something more in religion than an intellectual perception of human life and its moral hold on the individual character, the atheist with his religious indifference, and the revivalist with his religious fanaticism, might happen to have, not the same religion, of course, but equally much of it. Of this "something else," however, or "something more," which psychologically constitutes the very essence of religion, and which Hans Bröchner, a Danish philosopher and a freethinker, has aptly defined as "a feeling of absolute responsibility to an absolute being," the theologian in "Breaking-off" is entirely destitute. All his religion consists in a narrow, stubborn, pompous and hysterical clinging to that view of life which has developed in a certain faction of the Lutheran church, and which, —irresponsible as he is, in the religious sense of the word—he feels perfectly at liberty to manipulate and remodel, whenever a slight, unobtrusive modification meets his wants. Thus it comes to pass that, entirely unconsciously, and in perfect good faith, he falls into a most glaring self-contradiction, and commits a crime of the meanest description. Theoretically, he rests his claim to the girl on the plea that he and he alone can and will shelter her against all that uncertainty, confusion, temptation and impurity which she will have to encounter when leaving the fold of the faithful flock and following a father who is a free-

thinker. Practically he tries to separate her from that father by telling her that there has existed and probably still exists an improper relation between him and the lady who has been, in her mother's stead, the directrix of the institute—that is, by throwing a lump of the foulest impurity into her mind, by planting with his own hands the devil's choicest poison-weed in her soul. This almost infernal proceeding Dr. Edward Brandes has painted with perfect objectivity, such as the sunbeam paints in the camera, grasping the fact without admitting the faintest shade of any individual feeling of sympathy or indignation, so that a theologian may look at the whole affair and say his amen when it is over, without having one of his feathers ruffled.

Not altogether satisfactory is the drawing of the lady director of the institute. In the conversation above alluded to, she says to the father, concerning the engagement between the young girl and the theologian, "Don't do anything in the matter, for it is of no use. It is not he alone you have to fight against, but the whole world, and the only result will be confusion and suffering to her, and remorse and suffering to you." This train of reasoning, thrown off with a master hand in a few rapid sentences, loosely connected, but pregnant with meaning and full of character, falls upon him, upon his plan, upon his courage, upon his conscience, as a blasting fire. For there has existed—and, in a certain sense of the word, there still exists—a relation between him and her. Some time after the death of his wife he began to feel that in this woman there was, if not restitution, at least reconciliation for him, and the relation sprang up. But difficulties arose. You know that the *cruelle énigme* has many forms, and some very mild ones. You know that only a different degree of heat in the elements may make a chemical process, otherwise very simple, almost impossible. He went traveling, not in order to break off the relation, not in order to get rid of her, but with the idea of preparing for himself and for her a true meeting, a full meeting. As far as he is concerned, the calculation seems to have been correct; he returns her lover, or, better, her husband. But she—"I have grown fat," she says, laughing; "I have grown indolent," she adds with some bitterness, and at last he discovers that she has become utterly lost in moral indifference and cowardice. Then he breaks off at once from her, and from every one, and takes refuge in the hermit's cell, leaving only one connection between him and the world, a thin

thread, which, he hopes, shall never be used, for only sorrow can pass along it. The outline of this whole relation, which occupies a large part of the first act, is clear and complete. But the painting in lacks, here and there, the necessary firmness of hand, the necessary delicacy of touch. There are passages which evidently make a different impression on different readers. There are other passages which cause a slight distraction; because they seem to be a little too unconcerned, too *flot* in their wording. At the decisive moment the reader is not so completely prepared as he should be; he sees the overwhelming effect and he accepts it, but hardly does he fully realize it within himself. That is the flaw.

**

Mr. I. H., the critic of *Dagbladet*, the leading daily of the Norwegian press, had, some time ago, the curious idea of writing a review of Björnsterne Björnson's drama, "The New System." The idea was curious, so far as the play is six or seven years old. But it was just, for although "The New System" is one of Björnson's most finished works, at its first appearance it failed to make an impression proportionate to its merits. And the manner in which the idea was carried out was quite ingenious. Instead of attempting an analysis of the work itself, which now would probably be completely superfluous, as the drama in the meantime has become thoroughly known to and is fully appreciated by all connoisseurs of Scandinavian literature, Mr. I. H. gave a survey of the various circumstances, social, political and literary, which at the moment of its publication proved antagonistic to its success. He wrote an article of real interest to literary history, and his success has more than once tempted me to try the same track and add a few supplementary notes.

Just when "The New System" appeared in print, having been offered to no theatre for representation, Henrik Ibsen's "A Fairy Nest" (*Et Dukkehjem*), was acted on all the principal stages of the three Scandinavian kingdoms, in Christiania, Bergen, Stockholm and Copenhagen. "A Fairy Nest" is the perfect model of a star-play. To an American stage-manager it would be a kind of revelation. He would look upon it as the realization of his wildest dreams. He would probably faint from excitement, for he could not fail to see how thousands of dollars are bubbling in its trail. All the side-characters are so roughly carved and so adroitly posed against each other that a troupe of fifth or sixth-rate actors will suffice to produce the effect, and the principal character, the star

rôle—any girl who has a chance, and who has the courage of her chance, is sure to carry the audience by storm. A sweet voice which can tell a lie without breaking through its own innocence; a fine eye, which can give a caress and immediately forget the indiscretion; a pair of feet which can dance the fandango without lifting the modest lace too high—in short, almost any chance is available. "A Fairy Nest" consequently produced a perfect craze throughout the whole of Scandinavia, and as no man can obey two masters, no heart embrace two enthusiasms, no public manage two sensations, "The New System" was wholly eclipsed. *Habent sua fata libelli*.

While afterward working its way up into the interest of the reading public, the play encountered a real obstacle in its very title. There exists a subtle relation between a book and its title which, when nicely hit, is of immense value, but which, when mistaken some way or other, may prove fatal. A book should look as if it were written simply to prove the truth of its title, and the title should look as if it were the only true clue to the book, imparting a deeper meaning to its contents. In "The New System" the conflict of the plot is between an old and a new railway system, something which no one understands or cares about. The ideal conflict, which is of overwhelming interest and unfolded with admirable skill, is between an old and a new system of morals. But by the unfortunate title, whose needle points downward instead of upward, the conflict of the plot actually obscures the ideal conflict. It is a very small matter, of no intrinsic consequence at all, but has it not at one moment—I refer to the representation at Munich—proved almost fatal?

During the coming season the play is going to be acted in Christiania under the management of Björn Björnson, a son of the poet and a young man who has already achieved a wide celebrity as an actor and manager. In some respects it will be easy enough to put this drama on the stage. All the characters are drawn with such a naturalness and simplicity that merely a judicious regard to the individuality of the actors will go far to ensure the proper effect. But in other respects the representation will have its peculiar difficulties. The shading of the characters is very delicate, and the least exaggeration, were it only in costume or intonation, cannot help giving an unpleasant jar. The situations, always very slightly built, with no more tension of frame than everyday life in an elegant family is apt to present, are, nevertheless, often very far-reaching in their moral bearing, as

for instance, the final making up of the account between the two men who, for many years, have lived solely on each other's confidence. The scenic effects are on several points entirely new and original, that is, completely unknown to the common routine. Thus, for instance, the great central scene, in which the ladies are assembled in the parlor around the tea and preserves, while the men are talking politics and railway in the garden. To the common reader it is nothing but a very striking and very humorous exhibition of a certain *trait de famille* which plays a part in every member's character and has played its tricks in every member's life. But on the stage it is a very doomsday of laughter, and ought to leave the whole audience in one complete uproar, making an impression on every spectator as though he were just come from a tour down the Corso at the height of the Carnival.

These difficulties, however, and many more of a similar description, are all manageable. But there is one point in this drama where, I fear, every manager will feel lost: the closing scene, where the two old folks, the representatives of the old system, stand alone, abandoned by all and by everything, having, so as to speak, fallen out of the living life, taken each other by the hand and gone down to look at the sea. This scene is itself a piece of a new system, a revolt against one of the most firmly established rules of the reigning dramaturgy, an hitherto unheard-of demand to the scene, and here no management will avail. The actor must have genius, and his genius must have a great inspiration. Nothing less will do.

You know the good old rule, which every dramatic writer does his severest to follow and every dramatic critic his severest to enforce, the golden rule of all dramaturgy: that, as the plot of the play develops, the tension of its various elements shall increase, until finally the machine becomes overcharged and bursts with a grand detonation—the catastrophe. Björnsterne Björnson, however, has written several dramas which have no catastrophe at all, in which the tension of the plot culminates in the third act and then gradually decreases, until it finally disappears like the rivers of Central Asia drunk up by the sand of the desert, or like an electric stream escaping along an underground current. But what can he mean by that? He means, I think, that such is real life and such must life be truly described; and if he thinks thus, he is, I feel, eminently right.

Of classical life the catastrophe formed an essential constituent. Without it life was not great

life, and to go through it with staunch heart and head erect was the one valid evidence of a grand character. So enthusiastic were the Scandinavian vikings—true classics in their whole manner of thinking and feeling, no less than the Greek and the Roman—in their admiration of the catastrophe as the crown of life, that when they grew old they fell upon their swords rather than miss it. In mediæval life the catastrophe was the necessary outcome of its chaotic violence, and the knight, though he sometimes would fight against it with the same desperation with which he fought against the devil, generally ended with submitting to it, and generally accepted it with pious awe as the enforcement of a divine verdict. But modern life is from its innermost nature averse to catastrophes, and whenever they form they make the hero a sentimental legend or a fool. Remember Napoleon I. bidding adieu to the old guard in the courtyard of Fontainebleau and remember Napoleon III. surrendering his sword at the battle of Sedan. On account of the complexity of its structure and the law-bound course of its development, modern life must transform that short, sharp stroke of Nemesis, which we call catastrophe, into a long and slow process. It has by no means taken the strength out of the thunderbolt, but it has spread its moment over a succession of years. And from the passions which go against its purpose, modern life protects itself not so much by breaking them as by insulating them. It does not try, does not even intend to cut the tentacles by which an evil passion attaches itself, and through which it sucks its nourishment. By a simple process, going on unconsciously, it simply withers them, and there stands the naked trunk, in the midst of the stream, as if surrounded with a wall of empty space, starving to death, dying from inanition. To me it has a striking truth and an intense pathos more impressive than the boom of the big cannon in the tragedy, to see that old couple, having lost every connection with actual life, and being completely engulfed by emptiness, take each other by the hand and go down to look at the sea. But how to make this force felt from the stage, how to make this truth visible behind the footlights, that is a difficulty for which there probably is no other recipe than confidence in the actor's genius and patient waiting for an inspiration.

* * *

MRS. AMALIE SKRAM has written a big book, 517 pages, a novel, called "Constance Ring," Huseby & Co., Christiania. In spite of the feminine flush

of the title-page, the book is not for the parlor table. On the contrary, any one who takes any stock in appearances I will recommend to read it with drawn curtains. But it is a book with a problem in it: it is the "Nana" of Christiania society.

Constance Ring is a young girl, beautiful, charming, a marvel even to female scrutiny; the belle of the season, as we said ten years ago; the prize pig of the fair, as we say now. She marries a merchant, a man of doubtful age; the moon is rising: of doubtful appearance; white, fat, with pimples, and of doubtful address; the applause he earns he pays for. She does not love him, though he loves her, but he pays the price she can afford to ask: velvet carpets on the floor, silk hangings on the walls, exotic plants under the chandelier, etc.; and she sells herself. After a while she makes him utterly miserable, of course. He drinks, he has a child by the cook, a general smash-up is imminent, when, fortunately, he is caught by a squall, capsized in his yacht, and drowned. Then follows a lull of indolence and stupor. Constance does not know what to do with herself. But she is speedily roused into energy, for it is discovered that her late husband's money is gone, and she is a beggar. On the very evening of the discovery she writes to another man and accepts his suit. He is a reformed loafer. Some years before he had made an exceedingly clumsy attempt at seducing Constance. But he failed, and that failure made him in one night a stern character, a fine genius, a physician with immense practice, a scientist of great celebrity, true hickory—hickory of sound growth—and, to tip the top, he also inherits great wealth. She does not love him, either; but, as he has the necessary velvet carpets, silk hangings, exotic plants, etc., she sells herself a second time. Very soon she makes him as miserable as her first husband, of course, and in the meantime she begins to take notice of a certain Mr. Meyer. He is a kind of condensed milk-sop, an artist with a huge ideal which he despairs of ever realizing, a musician whose notes make all the world dance, except, of course, the reader of the book. Constance wonders at that peculiar tingling in her blood whenever Meyer lays his hand on the back of her chair, and she proposes to become his muse. Meyer is a lamb. He waits patiently till the fruit is ripe; then he shakes the tree and down come the pears by the bushel. But Meyer is also a cheat. He has other muses; he shakes other trees; and when Constance discovers that the little

Emma, seamstress, is a partner in the game, she rushes home to her own sleeping-room, empties a bottle of morphine, and is found dead in her bed, with a bluish foam around the lips and the veins on the inner arm singularly swollen—a cheap Zola.

Of real talent there is not the slightest trace in the book. The sole force of the whole growth seems to be that peculiar, barren ambition which, unable to grow fat on mediocre newspaper articles, seldom fails to throw itself back on novel-writing. But the book has a problem, a great problem: how to write a book more indecent than "Nana"; and that problem has fairly been solved.

DR. TILBURY.

CLOISTER DAYS.

Memoirs of Rev. Erik L. Petersen.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN BY JOHN C. SUNDBERG, M. D.

[Continued from the August number.]

AUBIGNY A LA MER.

II.

Aubigny à la Mer is, as has already been stated, a small village in the department of Cher. There is nothing of historical interest connected with this little hamlet, except that it was the birth-place of the at-once celebrated and notorious beauty, Marion Delorme, who played such an important part under the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin. The journey from Paris to Aubigny was made partly by rail and partly by stage. As to the latter mode of travel, nothing can be more unpleasant, and I was not sorry when the driver announced "Aubigny." Here I stood in the street all alone with my traps, looking in every direction for some conveyance to take me to the Cloister, but I soon discovered that I was no longer in Paris, but in an insignificant little village, where people lived in primitive innocence, caring nothing for the world's excesses and luxuries. While making these observations a tall figure enveloped in a long black cloak, and with a large, three-cornered hat, approached and addressed me in the purest Norwegian, bidding me a hearty welcome. At first I could not recall where I had heard this voice, and I therefore stared distractedly on the tall form before me.

"It appears," said he, "that you do not recognize me; I am Carl Schilling."

I then remembered him very well. Carl Schilling, son of Col. Schilling, was a landscape painter by profession, and had for several years resided in Düsseldorf, where he had embraced the Catholic faith. Pious, almost bigoted, he was in reality a monk long before I met him here attired in this ludicrous costume.

After the first surprise was over, I most heartily returned his friendly greeting, and then inquired where I could obtain a carriage, as I understood the Cloister was some distance away; but he cut me short by offering to help me carry my trunk, saying it was only a little way.

Taking hold of one end of the trunk while my friend took hold of the other, we marched along, Mr. Schilling in the meantime informing me that the rules of the Cloister did not permit any language but French to be spoken, and that his name was now Don Carlos, after which he began to speak in some strange tongue which in his innocence he believed to be French, but which in reality was the worst mongrel jargon I ever heard. As he lisped a good deal, his talk sounded so comical that my risibility was excited and I had to throw the portals of laughter wide open to keep from bursting.

He suddenly stopped and asked, seemingly highly surprised at what to him must have appeared an impious outburst of the old Adam, what made me laugh; but his native simplicity only served to bring forth renewed peals of laughter from my overflowing fountain.

Mr. Schilling had told me that we had only a short distance to walk, but the truth was we had to march about two miles in the hot sun and over a sandy road into which our feet sank deeply at every step, before we reached our destination. The reason why Mr. Schilling failed so utterly in calculating distance was probably because he was always in an exalted frame of mind, living a kind of heavenly life on earth; and perhaps his linguistic studies may also have tended to confuse his at-on-time very clear ideas.

There was nothing monastic in the appearance of this Cloister, the name of which was "The House of St. Alfonso de Liguori." It looked like a large farm house, was built of poor material and in no particular style. It had apparently been erected in great haste. The church was likewise dark and gloomy, with no pretension to architectural beauty, and resembled one of the ordinary country churches one so frequently sees throughout the south of Europe.

The inmates of the Cloister were four priests,

three lay brethren and four novices, myself included. Father Moro had already told me that in Aubigny I should meet with the queerest set of men ever collected under one roof, and this was certainly no exaggeration. The director, who rejoiced in the euphonious name of Father Franziskus de Sales Piantoni, was a pious and very learned man, an Italian by birth, but he had also a screw loose. He imagined that St. Theresa, who lived several centuries ago, frequently appeared to him; he read her writings with zest, and collected all manner of relics connected with her; in short, he formally idolized the good lady. He was about sixty years of age, and, like most old people, peevish and full of caprice. When, however, he happened to be in a good humor, he was extremely gay and affable. Only get him started on his favorite theme, St. Theresa, and he was inexhaustible. He frequently related his travels in Spain, and also showed us—his face beaming with joy—a piece of St. Theresa's chemise (I could not for the world tell it from an old dish rag). The surest method of gaining his favor was to humor his fancies with regard to St. Theresa.

Father Tarrant was a swarthy Italian who had the appearance of a peasant in priestly robes. I never heard him speak ten words during the time I was there. He had undoubtedly once been a mechanic, as he had fixed up a carpenter shop in the Cloister, and was planing and turning all day long. I once looked into his shop and found there a large stock of skittles. Whether he sold these products of his industry or gave them away I never learned.

Father Re, an old Italian nobleman, was in his dotage. He was a great gormandizer, and was always sniffing around for something to eat.

Father Joseph, of Alsace, was a short, thick-set individual, almost round as a ball, with a bald head, and overflowing with wit. He was seldom at home, being, I believe, a sort of itinerant priest. But when he, at long intervals, stopped in the Cloister for a few days, he spent his entire time either sleeping or scolding, no one, not even the director, escaping his shameless abuse. He was utterly regardless of other people's feelings, and would frequently, during service, walk noisily into the chancel with his wooden shoes on. Making himself disagreeable in every conceivable manner, it was no wonder we all detested him and wished him transferred to some other planet.

With the exception of the cook, the lay brethren were all rather insignificant personages. He

was an old Milanese, with a head as bald as a billiard ball, and an extraordinarily large, strongly curved red nose, which almost met the sharply pointed chin, giving to the face a parrot-like expression. He would have been an excellent cook had he not been piggishly filthy. For this he was frequently reprimanded by the director, but to no purpose; he was by nature a confirmed hog, and nothing could change him.

Among the novices was a young Alsatian named Alfons Werth. He was about seventeen years of age, but as guileless as a child of four; rather stupid, but devout, uniting in his nature all that is good and lovable. Noël Meyraud, a Frenchman, was rather sickly, and so full of vermin that even his eyebrows were the playground as well as dormitory of myriads of *pediculi*. He was a fanatic, had formerly lived in Naples, and spoke Italian fluently. His past history was veiled in impenetrable mystery, though it is probable he had been a political spy in the service of the church. These two soon left us in order to continue their studies in Paris, and Mr. Schilling and I remained alone for some time. Don Antonio de Borgazis, an Italian priest, who for many years had resided on the Antilles, remained with us for a short time as a novice, but not finding things to his taste he soon left us. He was an excellent man and a profound scholar, and later, in Italy, I was the recipient of much kindness from him. The reader will perceive that the institution was of Italian origin, a fact which did not tend to make the monks popular with the French priests of the neighborhood, and during the whole time I was there the Cloister was visited only once by the village curate, a thorough gentleman, whose name was Abbé Perrin. A few pupils from the seminary at Bourges also sang mass there once, and that was all we saw of the French clergy. The church, which lay on a desolate country road, was likewise seldom attended by outsiders, and the congregation rarely numbered fifty persons. We thus lived in complete solitude. People will wonder how we spent our time, and with what we occupied ourselves the livelong day. Well, we did not do anything in particular, as this cloister was intended as a place for novices to pass their year of probation before taking the monastic vow. This idea is both beautiful and sound, as earnest self-examination is necessary before entering upon a life so full of abnegations and binding one's self to habits and ideas so incongruous with the real life that pulsates through the outside world.

Were it not for such a year of probation, monastic life would, if for no other reason, be absolutely untenable; and if we regard it from a practical point of view, then this life, from which labor, study, and in short every occupation is excluded, will be insupportable, except to such contemplative natures as live more in an imaginary than in the real world. Our chief occupation was to gather several times daily in the chancel and read the breviary. The breviary is the priest's prayerbook, and a very complex piece of mechanism. But few would comprehend it, even after it had been explained to them. The ordinary priest reads these prayers by himself every day, which takes about two hours; but in the cloisters the monks collect at certain hours (in Aubigny at 5 and 9 A.M., at noon, and again at 3 and 5 P.M.) to read aloud, or rather to drawl it out in a peculiarly monotonous style. It is neither the grand choral song of the Trappists, nor is it reading; it is rather a sleep-inducing sing-song. By this exercise, however, two objects are attained: The novice gradually becomes familiar with the intricate complexedness of the breviary, and he acquires, moreover, both fluency and correctness in reading Latin. To one who has already some knowledge of Latin and can thus follow the reading, it is very well; but when, as was the case with poor Schilling, one has to read Latin without understanding a single word, nay, without even having as much as an idea of what is going on, then it certainly becomes a torture. The poor fellow tried his best to keep time with the reading, but his lisping proved an almost insurmountable impediment; and, although I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, I could not help laughing at his many blunders. It is no very easy matter to begin studying Latin when one is past thirty. Although novices are not permitted to study, an exception had here to be made, as none of us could speak even passable French, which of course would be necessary, if we were to reside in France. Moreover, something had to be done for Mr. Schilling's Latin, if he should not lose the little sense he had left. Permission was therefore given us to study French and Latin, which pleased me greatly. To one who has always led an active life enforced idleness is unbearable. In order, therefore, to get freer scope for my actions, I tried a stratagem, which to my great surprise as well as joy, succeeded. The director received one day from Spain a handful of dirt from St. Theresa's cell, a few images of clay representing St. Theresa herself, an old Spanish

book and some other trash having more or less relation to the object of his veneration. This made the old fool so happy that he ordered a festive dinner with wine, cakes, etc. Now was my time. I praised St. Theresa in every possible manner, and begged of him one of the little relics, asking him at the same time to bless it. He was so pleased that he gave me one of the images, which by the way resembled a human being about as much as the grotesque mud figures that boys form from the dirt in the gutter. Emboldened by my success I then requested as a special favor that he would grant me free use of the Cloister library; and delighted as he was with the new toys he had received, and being further under the influence of the good things of the table, including some excellent old wine, the happy man could refuse me nothing. The full freedom of the library was granted me on condition that I honor and revere St. Theresa as my tutelary saint, and read her writings, which I cheerfully promised. It was of course easy enough to make this promise, but after having examined the library I almost regretted the trouble I had taken, for neither was the collection of books very large nor the selection very choice. It had evidently been gotten together in great haste and without any system. Most of the books were of course on religious subjects, and but few had ever been opened. They were thickly covered with dust and showed no sign of use, being as new as when they came from the binder's. This was, however, not very surprising, when we remember that the director only raved about St. Theresa or played with his dolls and other sacred gimeracks; that Father Tarrant turned skittles all day; Father Re, old and blind as he was, only sniffed around for something to eat and drink; and the grumbling Father Joseph was never at home. As the novices were not allowed to study, of course these volumes remained dead treasures.

I made, however, some very pleasant acquaintances. Massillon, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon, Plautier and Lacordaire became my daily companions, and when I at last came upon a few volumes of Rousseau and Voltaire, together with the letters of Madame Sévigny, I felt myself well rewarded. I improved my opportunity and drank freely from the fountain of knowledge thus opened to me through the French classics. Of course I kept to myself what books I made most use of, but as I opened Voltaire I could not help smiling at a vexation which I had shortly after my arrival at Aubigny.

As I left Copenhagen an old friend of mine promised to send me *Folkets Avis* (the people's paper) edited by Erik Bøgh, and he kept his word. But to my astonishment I was forbidden all correspondence with the outside world (except with my mother), and under no circumstances must I read *Folkets Avis*, which was regarded as heretical. Of course I resigned myself to the inevitable, but now I could not help feeling a mischievous delight at finding Voltaire and Madame Sévigny stowed away side by side with sacred volumes on the shelves of the Cloister library.

Some of my readers may wonder if we never walked out. Yes, occasionally we did; but these promenades, instead of being a source of pleasure and diversion, were to me a real terror. The village we visited only once to call on Abbé Perrin, whom we did not find at home. I soon discovered that our queer costumes and foreign manners made us very conspicuous, and that people whom we passed on the road regarded us with anything but reverence. Our short sallies were therefore most generally out toward the open fields. These were flat and uninteresting, though in a much less degree so than my companions. Father Piantoni had a pet sheep that, next to St. Theresa, occupied the chief place in his affections. This sheep, which was called Balanino (the bleating one), had been bought to be slaughtered and eaten, but the good father formed, during one of his fits of sentimentality, a strong attachment for the fleecy beauty, whose life was thus spared to become henceforth the daily playmate of the venerable monk.

Balanino was everywhere, ate the flowers on the altar, upset vases and scattered everything about, but Balanino must be humored. Balanino must also have a companion of her own kind, and so the ram Balanja was procured, and of course these two had to accompany us on our excursions. Was it any wonder that we became the object of ridicule to all who saw us? There were Piantoni, Schilling and myself, attired in costumes from the fifteenth century, with immense three-cornered hats covering our heads, and the ewe Balanino and the ram Balanja close on our heels. It was a sight calculated to wring roars of laughter from the stones we trod on. In the vicinity of Aubigny a species of rich and very fragrant grass was growing, which evidently proved savory to our quadrupeds, for they seemed to relish it above all other delicacies. The adorer of St. Theresa soon discovered his bleating friends' partiality for this grass, and every afternoon he would arm his

inferior with huge shears and send them into the fields to provide for his pets. Noël Meyraud and myself did not take the hint, and Alfons Werth was too feeble to do much in the way of grass cutting, but Schilling worked with indefatigable zeal, carrying back to the Cloister burthens which would have been an honor to the sturdiest peasant. It was an amusing sight to behold the long-legged Schilling hopping about the fields in his long monastic robe tucked up washerwoman fashion and then tracking home under an enormous load of grass accompanied by Father Piantoni and the bleating ones. I often felt ashamed on behalf of both bipeds and quadrupeds, who were making themselves the laughing-stock of the whole community.

When, as occasionally happened on these excursions, Father Piantoni's enthusiasm was awakened he would become very interesting. He had evidently in his younger days been not only a great reader but also a close observer, and his mind was well stored with literary lore. With the Latin classics he was especially at home, and he recited Horace with taste and elegance. He was well versed in history and had made himself thoroughly familiar with everything relating to his own native land. When in an animated mood he would occasionally charm us with the most fascinating descriptions, delivered with all the fiery eloquence peculiar to the inhabitants of southern Europe. In youth he must, in common with most Italians, have been possessed of great personal beauty, but his face had now, like that of most of his countrymen when well advanced in life, acquired an old-womanish expression which was anything but attractive. But in those sublime moments, when from his enraptured soul shone forth gleams of youthful ardor, illuminating his otherwise sombre countenance and hiding, as under a veil, the wrinkles of old age, it was as if memories of youth were reflecting brilliant hues of life's setting sun over the gloomy darkness of a stormy past.

One would naturally imagine that monastic life would furnish suitable pabulum for the growth and development of spirituality. But such is not the case, according to my own experience.

The eternal repetition of holy rites—as confession, communion, etc.—and the constant contemplation of spiritual things and the reading of religious books, tend to reduce the whole to a habit, in which the near and daily contact lessens our veneration for holy objects, weakens our faith and diminishes

our self-esteem. This may not always be the case, as we all know that different minds will be quite differently affected by the same cause. Notwithstanding this, it is my belief that monastic life oftener ends in spiritual death than spiritual life. When religion becomes a trade it loses its elevating influence, and in cloisters religion is nothing but a pious trade.

Among the many childish customs of the Cloister, which in my opinion rather tended to impede than to foster true and sincere religious devotion, was the "chapter of penance," which convened at short intervals. On these occasions the monks would gather in the chancel, and on their bent knees confess—not real sins committed—but such trifling acts of negligence as that of having broken a plate or slammed the door noisily. Thus on one occasion the cook confessed that in bringing *three* bottles of wine from the cellar he slipped, and crash!—there lay the *six* wine bottles in a thousand fragments. In his penitential ardor the original three bottles had become half a dozen. Another brother had broken a chamber pot, but thinking it sinful to call it by its right name, he referred to it as the "vessel of ignomy." But Don Carlos capped the climax, when with austere countenance and in a snivelling voice he confessed that he had disobeyed the rules of the Cloister which forbade eating between meals, as he had that day, when in the garden, eaten three chestnut trees!!! The poor fellow intended to say chestnuts, but a slip of the tongue rendered it *Châtaigniers* for *Châtaignes*.

Saint-worship, or rather reverence for the saints, is a peculiar institution in the Catholic church, which, viewed from an idealistic point, is beautiful in the extreme, but in practice it loses much of its attractiveness, and becomes even grotesque. In Aubigny, where I served as sacristan, the holy vessels of the church, the costly robes, ornaments, etc., were committed to my care, and it was no little labor to keep everything in order. I have already stated that the church was dark and gloomy, the principal altar was made of a poor quality of sandstone, which left marks on hands and clothing that came in contact with it. The side altars were small wooden structures, on which stood a couple of plaster-of-Paris casts of Joseph and Maria, and otherwise covered with cheap ornaments. In a niche above the principal altar was a small statue of San Alfonso di Liguori, arrayed in his bishop's robes. This I had always regarded as nothing but a painted wooden figure, but this was not the case,

as I soon learned. I had just on a Saturday afternoon arranged everything for the following day, on which one of the greater festivals was to take place, and was getting absorbed in Voltaire's "Mohammed," when the monk with the parrot-beak put his head through the vestry door and cried out:

"Is everything in order for tomorrow, Don Enrico?"

"Perfectly, brother Gaetano."

"Have you dressed the bishop?"

"The bishop? What bishop? Here?"

I knew well enough that when a bishop says mass he is dressed by one of the inferior ecclesiastics, but in the Cloister there was neither bishop nor bishop's robes, and it appeared to me, moreover, ridiculous for a bishop to strut about arrayed in the robes of his office from 4 P.M., Saturday to 10 A.M. Sunday. I therefore looked upon this as a pleasant hoax of brother Gaetano, and told him so.

Informing me it was St. Alfonso he meant, he picked up a ladder and entered the church. I followed, and when he placed the ladder against the wall and began to climb up, I approached and looked in the same direction, which I should not have done, for in less than a minute I found myself covered from head to foot with dust, which filled my eyes, nose and mouth, just as my head became encircled with a wreath of old and faded artificial flowers that gave out an odor of anything but roses, which they were intended to represent. Brother Gaetano, little heeding my discomfiture, cried out again: "Be ready to receive the bishop," and becoming enveloped in another cloud of dust I felt something soft falling into my lap, which, upon closer inspection, proved to be nothing but a huge doll dressed up as a bishop. The dust seemed also to have affected brother Gaetano's parrot-beak, which was now attacked with a fit of violent sneezing, having recovered from which, I told him that after such exercise we stood in need of something to cheer us, and the kindhearted soul fetched a bottle of excellent wine, which we emptied in brotherly love. We now proceeded to dress the bishop. The old and soiled clothes were ripped open and the bishop laid entirely nude on a table, where he was carefully beaten and brushed, after which he was again arrayed in new robes that brother Gaetano had brought forth from a box hidden away in a closet. He was supplied with a new wig and beard, and again placed in the niche. By a simple mechanical contrivance the head and arms could be fixed in any position, and

brother Gaetano gave him, what I suppose in his judgment, was an elegant and becoming posture, but me it reminded of a drunken sot, gesticulating to some bacchanalian song. From that day I never prayed to the saints. The fact was, I began to grow tired of all this tomfoolery; but as I had no real cause for complaint, I did not know how to get out of it. Here, however, fate came to my aid.

The ram Balanja died from over-eating—great sorrow. Don Carlos' health began to fail—another affliction. Letters from Norway brought sad news about affairs there—exasperation. The death of Balanja did not grieve me, and I only hoped that Balanino would soon follow her lover. Carl Schilling's condition, however, became from day to day more serious. His mind began to wander, he did not eat, and, in short, he became only a shadow of his former self. Something must be done, and I therefore went to Father Piantoni's cell and told him without reserve what I thought. Father Piantoni, though an old fool, had always shown himself the nobleman in his conduct toward me. He listened to me with friendliness, a slight pallor spread over his face, and he begged me to send for a physician. The physician pronounced the disease to be dyspepsia, but hinted that the young man's sufferings were partly due to some secret mental trouble, the nature of which he was for the time unable to fully unravel.

Father Piantoni listened to him with apparent composure, but one could see from the pallor of his face and the angry flashes in his eyes that his passionate nature was aroused. He requested me to accompany the doctor to the gate, and the latter, as soon as we were beyond ear shot, suddenly stopped, and the following conversation took place between us:

"You are a foreigner, Norwegian?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Do you smoke?"

"Yes—but not here."

A strange smile spread over his face, as he took from his pocket an elegant case and offered me a cigar.

"But it is forbidden here, monsieur."

"During the day, yes; but of course you can smoke a cigar on a moonlight night like this."

I smiled and took the proffered cigar, but he pressed on me half a dozen. It was the first smoke I had had since I left Norway.

Before leaving, the doctor asked: "Do you know what ails your countryman?"

"No, monsieur."

"And yet it was you who first discovered he was sick?"

"Yes, monsieur."

The doctor continued smoking in silence for a few minutes while seemingly musing to himself, when he abruptly said:

"Well, then, your countryman has somewhere about his body some instrument of torture; if you can find out what it is, he is saved. Good night."

These revelations did not in the least tend to assuage Father Piantoni's ire. He said that Father Stub was an old fool to send him such a helpless subject, and finally sent me to discover Don Carlos' secret. It was with great difficulty, and first after proving to him that I acted as the director's deputy, that I succeeded in wringing from him the horrible declaration that he carried around his waist a flexible steel belt set on the inside with numerous sharp cutting points which entered his flesh with every movement of the body. How long he had carried this instrument of torture, which he must have brought with him from Germany, I could not make him disclose. As soon as it was removed, he began steadily to improve and soon regained his wonted health. Father Piantoni, who saw that it would be impossible to make him a priest, now determined that he should remain a lay brother for the remainder of his life, and with this the really humble and pious man was well satisfied.

A few more weeks were again spent in idle dozing, when I at once noticed a certain uneasiness among the monks. They held mysterious conferences, letters came oftener from Paris, and I could see that a thunder-storm was brewing. I communicated my observations to Don Carlos, who saw therein only the anxiety caused by the political situation. I, however, had a dark foreboding that something else was wrong.

One day I was unexpectedly called to Father Piantoni's cell. I found him pale and excited, and on the table I noticed several open letters and newspapers. It was some time before the angry Pater could utter a word. He invited me to a seat (something which never was offered a novice before), and then he began pacing the floor with rapid strides.

"Don Enrico," said he at last, trembling with excitement, "I have always treated you as a nobleman, for from the first I recognized you as a man of the world; this you must admit. Dissimulation is unworthy of men, and it is my duty to

inform you that a great misfortune has befallen our order, but as a man you must take courage and be prepared for the worst."

"Reverend Father," said I, "torture me no longer, but tell me what has happened."

"Well, my boy, Father Stub has been removed from the prefecture and the Barnabites have lost the Norwegian missions."

He pronounced these words with a fearful distinctness. Everything grew dark around me, and I was seized with dizziness. Stub removed; the Norwegian missions lost to the Barnabites! Was I then condemned to exile in a foreign land? No, a thousand times no! It shall never be! What a fool I have been! Such were my bitter reflections.

Father Piantoni, who saw that I really suffered, remained silent. At last I said:

"Reverend Father! Can you tell me how this has happened?"

"Certainly," said he, "but calm yourself; such violent excitement is dangerous," and ringing for a lay brother to bring a bottle of wine and two glasses, he continued: "It was in order to inform you of this great calamity that I called you, and knowing you to be familiar with the condition of things both in Norway and in Sweden, I thought you might aid me in getting a clear idea of the true state of affairs in those countries."

I thanked him for the confidence reposed in me and gave him all the information he wanted. I declared emphatically that monks, and least of all Italians and Frenchmen, would never gain admission into Norway and Sweden, that the Germans were our natural missionaries, that even the language was an insurmountable hindrance to all other nations. I did not conceal the fact that Father Moro had been driven from Stockholm, because he everlastingly quarreled with the priest of St. Eugenie Church, Pater A. Bernhard, and that Bishop Studach had forbidden him ever to return to Sweden.

I said that although Father Stub was both a pious and learned man, his eccentricity in connection with a certain extravagance in his demeanor rendered him unfit for the apostolic prefecture in a field so difficult as the Norwegian missions.

Father Piantoni listened attentively to what I had to say and compared my statements with the documents on the table before him. He then continued:

"My young friend! It pleases me highly to learn that you are so well posted, and also that you so honorably speak the unvarnished truth. I can

well understand that you never would have come here had you had the least suspicion that Father Stub's commission would have been taken from him. I understand, further, that your desire is some time to return to your native country; but I cannot conceal from you that *Father Stub has made a secret agreement with the Superior of our order to the effect that although you were to be received you were not to be permitted to return while he held the prefecture.* As it is, now that we must go, you are of course free to go or remain, as you please."

Father Piantoni now read a letter from a reliable person in Norway, which had been sent to the Cloister of the Barnabites in Paris and thence to Aubigny. The writer, an Italian count, gave a similar account of the condition to the one I had just given, adding that the Catholic priests both in Norway and Sweden strived to get rid of the Barnabites and that Father Bernard, a French priest, was to supersede Father Stub as apostolic prefect.

Father Piantoni then brought forth an Italian newspaper, saying: "Here is an account of the reception given the Barnabites in Stockholm, of which I should like to get your opinion; I shall therefore translate it for you."

"That is unnecessary," answered I, "as I understand its contents fully well without going to such trouble."

"What? You understand Italian?"

"Yes, to some extent."

"And you have understood all that has been spoken here in the house in that language?"

"Of course."

"Ah—I see. Who taught you Italian?"

"Father Moro."

"Hm!"

The paper related that "Bishop Studach and the Catholic clergy, accompanied by a large multitude of people, had met the Barnabite monks at the steamer landing, and had conducted them in solemn procession to the royal palace, where the reverend gentlemen were installed." This barefaced lie was published in a religious paper edited by priests. I of course declared the whole to be an audacious and fraudulent fabrication, and pointed out to Father Piantoni how such a thing would be impossible in the Swedish capital.

Father Piantoni made no further remark, but now read from a French newspaper that Father Stub had founded a large seminary at Ordrup, Denmark.

Another falsehood! and as I explained that the

Danish mission had nothing to do with the Barnabites and that the seminary at Ordrup was the property of the Jesuits, Father Piantoni exclaimed: "But then they tell us nothing but lies. Who do you think is the author of these articles?"

"Father Tandini," I replied. The result of our conference was that I should, as soon as possible, leave Aubigny, and that I was to break the news to Don Carlos in the most lenient manner.

It was with a heavy heart that I returned to my cell. I had been betrayed by Father Stub, although he was my own countryman, and condemned to eternal banishment from my native land. What had I done that they treated me thus? It was many years later here in Minnesota that I first found the solution of that mysterious riddle.

While I was priest at the cathedral and at the French church of St. Louis, in St. Paul, Father Maesfraux, who had formerly been a priest at Alten, in Norway, visited me. I told him my history, and he explained to me that Father Stub had systematically sought to remove all who had any talent, and to surround himself with monks of the type of Carl Schilling. But he was prevented in time from carrying out his base design. Father Maesfraux not only gave me good advice but also rendered me valuable services, and if he could only have had it his way, I should now have been a Catholic priest in Norway.

My heart was full of gall, and it was with difficulty I could overcome my rancor sufficiently to impart to Don Carlos what had happened. He took it easy, telling me he expected a large inheritance, which he would give to the Cloister, where he would end his days as lay brother. Very well! This needed no refutation and my task was thus ended.

Under these circumstances I demanded either a sufficient sum of money to take me back to Norway, or an opportunity to lay my case before the Norwegian consul or minister at Paris.

This did not please them, but they proposed to send me to Monza, Italy, where Father Villorosi kept a seminary for poor students, and where I would find several Swedes. Here I might become a priest, and I accepted their offer, as in Norway I had nothing more to hope for.

Before leaving Aubigny, I laid aside my monastic robes and donned citizens' clothes. I then took leave of the monks who, though eccentric, had on the whole been very kind, and who in reality were good and pious men. I never saw them again, and only a single letter written by

Schilling reached me in America. He was contented with his lot, which is all a man can ask for. In Paris I found the Barnabites in bad humor. Loss of the mission and of large sums of money, but above all to be put in the background at Rome by the powerful Cardinal Barnabo, was more than priestly dignity could stand. All manner of bitter invectives were heaped on Father Stub, and, Father Tandini being present, he was also submitted to a most cruel ordeal by Father Fossati, the director.

All that I said in Aubigny, including my assertion that Italians and Frenchmen had almost insurmountable difficulties to overcome in acquiring a practical knowledge of the Norwegian language had been carefully reported at Paris.

This Father Tandini had the impudence to deny in the presence of all the monks. I could not help smiling; and the abbot noticing this, commanded him to address me in Norwegian, as either he or I was a liar. Father Tandini had not expected this, and after several fruitless attempts to collect a few phrases which, parrot-like, he had learned while in Norway, he abandoned the idea, and addressing me in Swedish, of which he had some knowledge, he begged me to answer him in that tongue. I informed him of Father Stub's treason, and then remained inexorable. The abbot, Fossati, gave him a threatening look, and he found it more pleasant to retire to the garden. I saw him only once more—at Monza, in Italy.

After a long discussion, it was finally agreed that I should proceed to Cologne, and if there I found no money from Father Stub, I was at liberty to either return to Paris or to take any other steps that would be to my advantage. As they supplied me fairly with money I said nothing, though I saw through their game, which was to get me out of Paris and then, if I returned, to declare me a base impostor, who had no claim whatever on the pious fathers.

From that day I ceased to be sincere in my confessions. Priests are liars and my revenge was to pay them back in the same coin.

My last visit to Paris was, however, not without some advantage as well as pleasure, as it gave me the opportunity to see whatever could be seen without money.

Arrived at Cologne, my first visit was to the world-famed cathedral, and then to the postoffice, where I found both a letter and money from Father Stub, who, with his blessing, requested me to go to Monza. The next morning I was on my way to—Italy.

THE NEWLY MARRIED.

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS, BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN VOLK.

[Continued from the August number.]

ACT II.

[One year later in AXEL's house.]

SCENE.—*A room decorated almost similar to that in first act. Two large pictures, one of MR. the other of MRS. LEE, hang in the background.*

LAURA at table, sewing; MATHILDE on sofa R.

MATHILDE (*reading from a book*). "No," was the decided answer; "the fault was his, but now it is hers. He tore her from her parents, from the home of her childhood, and from her habits, and did it violently; but he has since sought her forgiveness so persistently, begged for her love so meekly, that only the most spoiled and obstinate child could resist. As formerly, he would pay no regard to anything but his love; now she is regardless of anything but her self-love; but she is more to blame than he, as her motives are less worthy than his. She is like the child called too early in the morning: it kicks and strikes even the one who comes to pet it."

LAURA. Why, Mathilde, is that in the book?

MATHILDE. Of course it is.

LAURA. Just as you read it?

MATHILDE. Please! (*Hands the book to LAURA, who looks into it and puts it aside.*)

LAURA. It is almost our own history! Good Heavens, who has written it?

MATHILDE. Chance—

LAURA. No; once an evil eye has seen something similar; an unfeeling heart, capable of slighting a mother's love—one wicked himself, having had parents not worthy of love.

MATHILDE. Why, Laura!

LAURA. It irritates me, this libel on faithfulness in the world. What is faithfulness, if children should not be true to their parents?

MATHILDE. Exactly what I read. (*Reads*). "Faithfulness changes its object in changing ourselves. The child is faithful to its parents, but the wife to her husband, the mother to her children—"

LAURA. Read no more; I will not listen. The whole train of ideas offends me. (*Pause.*) What a bad book! (*Indifferently*) How is the end?

MATHILDE (*indifferently*). Of what?

LAURA. Of the novel.

MATHILDE (*indifferently*). Sad.

(*Pause.*)

LAURA (*looking up*). And the lost one is —?

MATHILDE. Whom do you think?

happy already.

MATHILDE. You are right. She falls in love.

LAURA (*surprised*). Falls in love?

MATHILDE. A time will come when every woman awakens to love, and not being able to love her husband, in the course of time she falls in love with another.

LAURA (*awed*). Another!

MATHILDE. Yes. (*Pause*.)

LAURA. Shocking! (*Sewing; then rests her hand on the table—then sewing again.*) And he?

MATHILDE. He is taken sick—very sick. Then he meets one who consoles him—a woman—

LAURA (*looking up*). Well?

MATHILDE. His heart is like a deserted place, a peculiar tint of sadness and longing resting over it. After a little while she, the consoler, takes possession of it, and then a day comes when he thinks himself happy.

(*Pause.*)

LAURA (*in a low voice*). What kind of a woman is she?

MATHILDE. One of those humble natures who are satisfied with the remnants of love.

LAURA (*after a pause, during which she has been looking steadfastly at MATHILDE*). Would they satisfy you?

MATHILDE. No. The whole or nothing.

LAURA. And she?

MATHILDE. His wife?

LAURA. Yes.

MATHILDE. As soon as she perceives that her husband is carried away by another love she passionately tries to win him back, but then it is too late.

(*LAURA sits absorbed in thought, then quickly rises, goes to a small table standing close to sofa L; pulls out a drawer; searches, pauses as if reflecting, then searches again.*)

MATHILDE. What are you looking for?

LAURA. A photograph.

MATHILDE. Axel's?

LAURA. No. But what has become of it?

MATHILDE. Don't you recollect you took it out of the drawer one day and said you didn't care for it—so I kept it.

LAURA. You?

MATHILDE. Until you should call for it. (*Rises, pulls out a drawer from a small table standing near sofa R.*) Here it is. (*Hands it to her.*)

LAURA. So you had it! (*Puts it into the drawer without looking at it, makes a few steps, returns, turns the key in the lock, puts the key in her pocket, and remains standing behind the table.*) Has Axel read that novel?

MATHILDE. I don't know. Shall I give it to him?

LAURA. I don't care. Perhaps you would like to read it to him.

(*Enter servant with a letter which she hands LAURA.*)

LAURA. From my parents! (*Kisses the letter.*) The only ones who care for me.

(*Exit LAURA hurriedly. Enter AXEL through center door.*)

AXEL. She always goes away when I come.

MATHILDE (*rises*). This time it was accidentally. (*Looks at him.*) How pale you look.

AXEL (*gravely*). I am a little excited. Have you read the new novel?

MATHILDE (*putting the book in her pocket*). What novel?

AXEL. "The Newly Married"—a small book.

MATHILDE. I am just reading it.

AXEL (*eagerly*). Laura, too? Has Laura read it?

MATHILDE. She thinks it bad.

AXEL. That it is not—but it is a strange book. It has frightened me as much as if I had entered my own room and found myself sitting there. It gives utterance to much that lay within my soul, unborn.

MATHILDE. So does every good book.

AXEL. I shall share the same fate as told in that story. All the suppositions are for it; only I have not known them myself.

MATHILDE. I have been told, but only of young students of medicine, that they feel the symptoms of the various diseases they read about.

AXEL. O, this is more than imagination. I see temptations, as plain as life, marching toward me. Thoughts are rising from what happens as naturally as smoke from a fire—and these thoughts (*with his gaze fixed on MATHILDE*) are reaching very far.

MATHILDE. As I understand it, the book only teaches us to have some little regard for a woman, especially if she be young.

AXEL. True enough. But listen. A bachelor brought up among students cannot possibly have all the regards on hand that the nature of a woman demands. He is not married in a day, but gradually. He cannot move his habits down from his sofa, or his duties into silkwoven relations at once. The inspiration of first love gives the faculty, but the faculty must serve its time of apprenticeship. Alas! not until she stood frightened and far from me, I discovered what I had neglected. But what have I not done since to win her back? Gently have I approached her from all sides, alluring with gifts, with repentance; but you have seen it yourself, she avoids me, flies from me farther and farther away. My thoughts, crowded together by excitement and longing, try to follow; my love increases—but sometimes it is, indeed, succeeded by a craving so intense, that life itself might perish therein. In such moments I need some one to cling to—O Mathilde, you have been much to me during these days. (*Approaches her.*)

MATHILDE. Yes, many things happen in a year which were not thought of at the beginning of it.

AXEL (*sitting down*). Good God, what a year! I dare not live another one like it—that book has frightened me.

MATHILDE (*aside*). Glad of it.

AXEL (*rises*). Besides, the work I have to do to keep everything here as she was accustomed to at home is getting too heavy for me. In the long run I shall not be able to stand it. I would say nothing were I rewarded as is the common laborer. If she would only thank me—even if it were by a smile. But when, week after week, I have been traveling about in our open boats, exposed to the fierce weather these wintry days, do I then receive a friendly greeting on my return? Is she aware that I am working at night, and for whom I am doing it? Has she ever taken notice of it? Or has she noticed that this house, at great expense, has been arranged similar to that of her parents? No, she looks upon everything as if it ought to be so, and should any one tell her, this he is doing for your sake, she would answer, there was no need of it, I had it all at home.

MATHILDE. Well, now the time has come, a change must take place.

AXEL. What do you mean?

MATHILDE. Nothing definite—here she comes.

AXEL. Has anything happened, that she is in such a hurry?

(*Enter LAURA with an open letter in her hand.*)

LAURA (*Whispering to Mathilde*). My parents feel so lonesome at home. They are going to Italy, but are coming here first.

MATHILDE. Here? When?

LAURA. They will be here in a few minutes. I didn't notice until now that their letter was mailed from the station next to us. They will surprise us; they will be here presently. O, what will we do?

MATHILDE. Tell Axel!

LAURA. Yes, do.

MATHILDE. No, you must!

LAURA (*startled*). I?

MATHILDE (*to Axel*). Laura wants to tell you something.

LAURA. Mathilde!

AXEL. That will be the first time——

LAURA (*to MATHILDE, who retires*). O, you tell it.

AXEL (*approaching her*). What is it?

LAURA (*voice trembles*). My parents are coming.

AXEL. Here?

LAURA. Yes.

AXEL. When? To-day?

LAURA. They will be here directly?

AXEL (*taking his hat*). And no one has said a word about this! (*going*).

LAURA (*anxiously*). Axel!

AXEL. They are not coming to see me, I am sure.

LAURA. But don't go!

MATHILDE. Don't go!

AXEL. Will they stop here?

LAURA. If you have no objection, I thought they could have your room.

AXEL. Of course; that is as it ought to be. I leave and they take my place.

MATHILDE. You can have my room and Laura and I will room together. That I'll arrange easy enough.

(*Exit MATHILDE*).

AXEL. Why so many formalities? That you are longing to see them is very natural, you should only have prepared me for this—somewhat leniently. For I must certainly think that they are coming to take you along—and though it gives you no pain to make an end to this, you should know that so is not the case with me.

LAURA. I did not know of their coming here until this moment.

AXEL. But your letters have brought them here, your complaints——

LAURA. I have never complained.

AXEL. You have only told them how things stand here.

LAURA. Never!

(*Pause*.)

AXEL (*surprised*). Then what have you written them during the year? A letter every day!

LAURA. I have told them all was well.

ALEX. Is it possible? All the time? Laura, dare I believe it? So much consideration—(*approaching her*). O then there is——

LAURA (*timidly*). I did it for the sake of my parents.

AXEL. Then I pity them; they will soon find out how matters stand.

LAURA. They will stay here only a few days; they are going to Italy.

AXEL. To Italy? Then I suppose some one is to accompany them. Perhaps you are?

LAURA. You could not, could you?

AXEL. No. So you are going to leave me, Laura? I remain here alone with Mathilde—it is almost like in the book.

LAURA. With Mathilde? Yes, perhaps Mathilde might——

AXEL. She cannot very well be spared as things stand at present.

LAURA. You would perhaps prefer that I——

AXEL. You need not ask me. You go if you wish.

LAURA. Yes, I can be spared. I think, however, I will remain here.

AXEL. You will?

LAURA. Yes.

ALEX (*pleased; approaching*). That, I hope, is not for the sake of your parents.

LAURA. No. (*AXEL withdraws surprised*.)

(*Enter MATHILDE*).

MATHILDE. Now everything is fixed. (*To AXEL*.) And you will stay?

AXEL. I don't know. I think it would be better if I stayed away a few days.

MATHILDE. Very well. Then I shall leave at once.

LAURA. You?

AXEL. You?

MATHILDE. In what will happen then I will have no part.

(*Pause*.)

AXEL. What do you think will happen?

MATHILDE. That I will leave untold, as long as it has not come to pass.

(*Pause*.)

AXEL. Now, you are too hard on your friend.

LAURA (*quietly*). Mathilde is not my friend.

AXEL. Is Mathilde not your——?

LAURA (*quietly*). Those who deceive us cannot be our friends.

AXEL. Has Mathilde deceived anyone? You certainly wrong her.

LAURA (*quietly*). Do I; is not Mathilde the cause of all my unhappiness?

AXEL. Why, Laura!

LAURA. Defend her, my dear, if you like, but let me tell you, that she has guided me from the time I was but a credulous child, and into all I am suffering now. Had it not been for her, I should not have been married, nor far away from my parents. She came with me here, not to help me, as she said, but to watch me, silently and secretly, as her ways are, afterward to make use of her observations. But you she serves; for you she——no, I will not say it (*with increasing anger*). But you may both conspire against me, and then try if I am the child you think. The tree you have transplanted gives no fruit the first year, shake it as you may! Let it come to pass as in the novel she takes so much pleasure in reading to me; but the day I beg for love you will never live to see! My parents may come and see all—everything—I just long to tell them how we stand! I will not be led! I will not be deceived!—I will not! (*Remaining quiet for a moment, she bursts into tears, and quickly makes her exit*.)

(*Pause*.)

AXEL. What does this mean?

MATHILDE. She hates me.

AXEL (*surprised*). Since when?

MATHILDE. It has come gradually; do you first notice it now?

AXEL (*still more surprised*). You have her confidence no longer?

MATHILDE. No more than you.

AXEL. She who once trusted everybody!

MATHILDE. Trusts no one now.

(*Pause.*)

AXEL. And what is still more singular—why there can't be any mistake about it—she is jealous!

MATHILDE. So she is.

AXEL. Jealous of you? Anything so unfounded—(*He suddenly interrupts himself and looks at her, while she goes to the opposite side.*)

MATHILDE. You ought to be glad this happened.

AXEL. Glad that she is jealous? What did you say?

MATHILDE. It has helped her. She is now on the road to love you.

AXEL. Now?

MATHILDE. Love often comes thus—especially to one who is made uncertain.

AXEL. And you should be a sacrifice?

MATHILDE. That I am used to.

AXEL (*approaching*). Mathilde, you must have been in love yourself.

MATHILDE (*startled*). So I have.

AXEL. Unhappily?

MATHILDE. Not happily. But what makes you think so?

AXEL. Those who have been disappointed in love are less self-ish than others, more self sacrificing—

MATHILDE. Yes, love is always a consecration, even if not always to the same purpose.

AXEL. Sometime it only makes us unhappy.

MATHILDE. Small souls, yes; people without pride.

AXEL. The longer I know you, the less I understand you. What man can you have loved, without love in return?

MATHILDE (*in a low voice*). A man to whom I am now very grateful, married life not being my call.

AXEL. Then what is your call?

MATHILDE. One I do not like to speak of, before I know I will succeed. But had it not been for him, I had hardly discovered it.

AXEL. And now you feel at rest, have no longings, no desire?

MATHILDE (*excited, and so she remains till she makes her exit*). Yes, one, one! I would like to travel far, far away! to fill my mind with great pictures—O, if you have any friendship for me—

AXEL. Mathilde, I have more, I feel the deepest gratitude, nay, even more, I—

MATHILDE (*interrupting*). Then make up with Laura, and I shall be permitted to go with her parents to Italy! O, if I cannot get away now, far away, there is something within me that will die.

AXEL. Then go, Mathilde—if you say so, I believe you.

MATHILDE. I shall not leave before you and Laura are reconciled. Why should all three of us be unhappy—No, I am not, but I should be so if you were. But now, suppose they will not take me along?

AXEL. What can I do toward it?

MATHILDE. Stay here and receive her parents kindly. Treat Laura as if nothing had happened, and she will be silent.

AXEL. What reason have you to think so?

MATHILDE. From all I have done toward it.

AXEL. You?

MATHILDE. Yes—that is, not as you would have me do it, but in a roundabout way.

AXEL. In the beginning also—

MATHILDE. No, not then. But pardon that, as I have now made everything straight. I did not know you at the time—I had my reasons—

AXEL (*approaching*). Mathilde, I begin to feel strongly attached to you. It seems to me as if all that is refused yonder is gathering around you, as if now, for the first time, I—

MATHILDE. There is the carriage!

AXEL. What shall I do?

MATHILDE. Go down and receive them! Be quick. Look, Laura is there already! O let her not miss you at this moment! That's right! (*Exit AXEL.*) Yes, that was right! Now my victory is complete!

(*Exit MATHILDE.*)

(*MR. and MRS. LEE heard without. Enter MRS. LEE with LAURA, then LEE followed by AXEL and MATHILDE.*)

MRS. LEE. So here I'm with you again, my sweet darling child (*kisses her*). There's something nice in being separated after all, for then we have the pleasure of meeting again (*kisses her*). Every day your nice letters! thank you (*kisses her again*). You look just the same, only a little paler—but that I might have expected (*kisses her*).

AXEL (*to LEE, who is taking off his coat and several scarfs*). May I—

LEE (*bowing*). No thank you!—I can do that myself!

(*Going, carrying coat and hat.*)

AXEL. Please, let me take care of it (*will take LEE's things*).

LEE (*bowing*). Not necessary! thank you.

MRS. LEE (*whispering to LAURA*). I tell you it took a long time before I could coax your papa to come. He cannot forget—But, of course, we could not go away before seeing our child, and finding it so lonesome at home, we thought we would make this trip.

(*Re-enter LEE.*)

LAURA. You dear mamma! (*She and MATHILDE assist MRS. L. taking off her things.*)

AXEL (*to LEE*). Did you have a pleasant journey, Judge?

LEE. Very!

AXEL. Caught no cold?

LEE. None worth speaking of—only a slight one—my throat a little swollen—much dew.—You are well?

AXEL. Very well, thank you.

LEE. Glad to hear it.

MRS. LEE (*to LEE*). But look—!

LEE. What is it, my dear?

MRS. LEE. Why, don't you see?

LEE. No, what is it?

MRS. LEE. We are at home again; it is our own parlor.

LEE (*surprised*). Indeed—Yes, you are right!

MRS. LEE. The carpet, the upholstering, the furniture, nay, even the arrangement! (*Goes to AXEL and takes his hand.*) A more touching proof of your love for her you could never have given us. (*To LEE*). Isn't that so?

LEE (*deeply touched*). Yes, indeed—

MRS. LEE. And you have not mentioned a word about this, Laura!

MATHILDE. Not only the parlor, but the whole house is as nearly as possible arranged like that of yours.

MRS. LEE. The whole house! Is that so?

LEE. The prettiest way of making a young wife happy I ever heard of.

(Exit MATHILDE.)

MRS. LEE (to Laura). I'm surprised you never wrote a word about this.

LEE. Not a word!

MRS. LEE. Did you not notice it?

LEE. Of course she did, but what we have before our eyes every day, we think everybody knows. Isn't that so, my pet?

MRS. LEE. And all from Axel's own earnings. You certainly must feel very happy.

LEE. No doubt she does, but Laura has never been in the habit of making her feelings known—although this is something so —

MRS. LEE (laughing). Of late her letters have only contained thoughts on love.

LAURA. Mamma!

MRS. LEE. I shall say nothing, dear. But a good husband you have. Laura (whispering), I suppose you have returned his kindness by some nice little present? Or—

LEE (putting his head in between them). Embroidered something for him, eh?

(Enter MATHILDE, with a tray, on which decanters and glasses, which she fills.)

AXEL. A glass of wine for a welcome—sherry, the Judge's favorite wine.

MRS. LEE. That he recollects.

(All take their glasses.)

AXEL. May Laura and I now be permitted to bid you welcome! May you find everything here (with emotion) as you would have it. I will do my best to make your stay here pleasant and happy, and I am sure Laura will do the same.

MRS. LEE. That she will! Now touch glasses! (AXEL reaches his glass toward LAURA, her hand trembles, and she spills some of the wine. You have filled the glasses too full, my child.

(All touch glasses and drink.)

LEE (after the glasses have been replenished). My wife and I feel much obliged to you for this reception. We, of course, could not leave before we had seen our child—our children. A friend of yours (looking at MATHILDE) advised us to come unexpectedly. At first we did not like to do so, but now I am glad we did, for now we know that Laura's letters were true indeed. You are happy—so, of course, we old folks must be happy, too—and forget what—what has changed to the best after all. Hm! hm! Once we had our doubts, you know—and, therefore, would not part with our child—but now we may do so safely—for now we trust in you—I trust in you, Axel, my son—God bless you!

(They shake hands and all drink.)

MRS. LEE. Do you know what I should like now?

ALL. What?

MRS. LEE. I wish Axel would tell us how you became reconciled.

LAURA. Mamma!

MRS. LEE. Why are you so bashful? Why did you never tell us? Indeed nothing can give us parents greater pleasure than to hear how our children became happy.

LEE. That is a good idea, mamma. Now we will all sit down and listen to him. (All sit down excepting LAURA, who is about leaving the room.) No, come here, Laura, sit down by your mother! We must look at you while he is telling.

(He makes her sit down beside him.)

MRS. LEE. Don't forget anything, Axel! Give us the first token of love, the first kindness she showed you.

AXEL. I will tell you all.

LAURA (starting to her feet). Axel!

AXEL. I am only continuing your letters, Laura.

MRS. LEE. It is all in honor of you, my child. Now listen to him quietly, and correct him if he forgets anything.

(LEE makes LAURA sit down again.)

AXEL. You know, dear parents, it did not begin well.

LEE. We know—but leave that out.

AXEL. The great wrong I had done Laura I felt the very moment she stood alone. She trembled when I approached her, and soon she trembled before others as before me. At first I became meek, as does the stronger when he has gained the victory; but later on I got frightened, for I had been too strong. And I consecrated my love to serve seven years—as Jacob did for Rachel—to earn what I had lost in one moment. You see this house. I made smooth every corner of it to make it homelike for her. You see what it contains. By the utmost exertion, working early and late, I earned piece by piece, placing before her eye only what was known and beloved, so that nothing cold or strange should strike it. This she understood, and before long the birds of spring began to flutter around the house, and though she always fled when I came, I still felt her presence in my room, at my writing desk, by many dear little trifles—

LAURA (ashamed). O, it is not true.

AXEL. Do not believe her. Laura has a loving heart. Fear made her reticent. But she could not resist her good inspirations nor my humble faithfulness. At night when I was at work she was astir, too; at least I often thought I heard her move about; and when I returned from a fatiguing journey—well, she did not exactly rush to meet me—not because she lacks the sense of gratitude becoming a good wife, that she has,—but because she would not reveal her joy until the great day of our reconciliation.

(LAURA rises.)

LEE. Then it took some time before you became reconciled?

AXEL. Yes.

MRS. LEE (in a low voice). That Laura has kept to herself.

AXEL. She would not cause you unnecessary grief, her love for you made her silent. But this silence—now is it not so?—proved more than anything else that she was waiting for me. It was her love's first gift. (LAURA sits down.) Later I received others. She soon learned that I am not hard; on the contrary, she began to understand that what I had done was done out of love, and being so full of love herself, she came toward me, little by little. Silently

but gently she was longing to become a good wife. Then it happened on a beautiful morning like this, that each of us, separately, had been reading a book, which spoke threateningly of our long estrangement, and driven by awe we sought each other. Then, all of a sudden, doors and windows flew open! It was a letter from you that arrived. It brought sunshine into the room—just as now you are sitting here. The songs of summer were heard around the house—and in her eyes I could see that now every flower would open, and I kneeled down before her—as I do now—and said: For the sake of our parents, that we may give them pleasure, for my sake, that I shall no longer be punished, and for your sake, that your kind and gentle heart may again be filled with joy, let us now meet! And Laura answered—?

(LAURA bursts into tears and throws herself into his embrace. All rise.)

MRS. LEE. How beautiful, children!

LEE. Beautiful as when we were young, and for the first time met each other. How wonderfully well that man can explain things!

MRS. LEE. Just as if it took place now.

LEE. Exactly! Immensely gifted!

MRS. LEE (*whispering*). He will become something great.

LEE (*whispering*). He will—and be an honor to our family.

AXEL (*who has walked LAURA up front*). So that was your answer, Laura!

LAURA. You did not tell all, Axel.

MRS. LEE. Anything more? Let us hear all.

AXEL. Well, you tell what you said!

LAURA. I said that I was kept back long—very long! I knew very well that you were fond of me, but I feared you looked upon me as being only a child.

AXEL. Laura!

LAURA. I am not as wise as—many others—but a child I am no longer, for now I love you!

AXEL. And a child you are still!

LEE (*to MRS. LEE*). Now, how about our journey. Our intention was to proceed at once—

AXEL. Why not stay a few days with us? (LAURA signalling dissent.) No?

LAURA (*whispering*). Now I wish to be alone with you.

MRS. LEE. What do you say, Laura?

LAURA. I? O, I would ask you to take Mathilde along when you leave.

MRS. LEE. Very kind of you, Laura, to think of your friend. As a rule newly married people are so selfish.

LEE. But that Laura is not!

ALL. No, indeed not.

LAURA. Mathilde! (*whispering*) forgive me! (*They embrace one another whispering.*) Now I understand you.

MATHILDE. Not quite!

LAURA. Had it not been for you Axel would never have been mine.

MATHILDE. There you are right!

LAURA. O, Mathilde, I am so glad!

MATHILDE. And I wish you much happiness.

AXEL (*taking LAURA'S arm*). Now you may leave, Mathilde.

MATHILDE. Yes!—and my next novel shall be better.

AXEL. Yours?

(CURTAIN.)

A PICTURE.

The firelight creeps across the floor
Along soft rugs of Persian dyes,
Such dyes as you recall of yore
In your own foreign skies;
And in the Fates which guard the door
A rosy glamour lies,
Until they seem cold stone no more
But burning Destinies.

Your hair is one long golden flame
Aglow along the woven cloth
That wraps your lithe and slender frame
Like soft, white ocean froth—
O diamond eyed, what Magian came
To lure you from the South,
And conjure words too sweet to name
From your red magic mouth?

The fire shines red before your chair
Upon the leopard skin, which tells
Of death in some deep jungle lair
Among far Indian dells;
The rose-glow and the shadows there
Are weaving secret spells
Of sorcery, that keeps you fair—
But makes us manacles.

FREDERICK PETERSON.

THE NORTHFJORD HORSE.

BY JONAS LIE.

TRANSLATED BY NELLIE V. ANDERSON.

In Northfjord is a mountain called Bjerkenaa-ven, and on one of the slopes, almost like a picture on a wall, is the steep farm Strömshagen, with its small houses. The river flows swiftly into the gorge below, and across it is laid a few logs which serve as a bridge for man and beast.

On the other side, close by the river, a little to the left, is the farm Evjen, which bears its name from the fact that the river here rests in a short bend, where grows a pretty little birch grove. A short distance beyond the ravine bridge, back of a hill, is a large bush-covered plain, well suited for a pasture. There had been litigation in regard to this piece of land between the two farms for several years. Jon Evjen for twenty years had barred the road to this ridge with three fence rails, which looked innocent enough, but the court knew it to be a spite fence, and the result was that Strömshagen lost the land.

By means of this lawsuit the man on Strömshagen was half impoverished. When he died, the widow was left with the farm encumbered with debt, and a son Gjermund, then twenty-two years

old. He was a squarely-built young man, with dark hair, heavy eyebrows over the brown eyes, and a rather broad but intelligent and lively countenance. His fault was a hasty temper and harsh speech where mild language would have been much better. He was prouder than he cared to have folks know, and when there was any dissension he often felt the difficulty of restraining himself before those who owned large farms.

The people on Evjen were in good circumstances. The eldest daughter was named Sigrid. She was tall, fair and very pretty; clever in all housewifely duties; and of a quiet disposition. Her worth was established. When she said anything the words were particularly wise and good. At home her authority was undisputed. All agreed that she seemed like a real rich-farm girl. Nor were those who offered her farms lacking in good qualities; but one by one she refused all offers. Her parents thought with disappointment that either she *would* not marry or else she had less judgment in this matter than other things. As usual, however, they allowed her to have her own way.

One Sunday at the church, they met the stiff necks of three of the best farmers' sons in the parish who had been rejected, and old John Evjen could not help remarking that, as she had disappointed all of them, as far as he could understand, there only remained to her Gjermund Ströms-hagen, who was always quarreling, and who could barely manage to hang on to the farm. At these words Sigrid became red in the face and went out. Afterward when she came into the house they noticed that she had been crying. Jon knew it was because he had reprimanded her and was really quite sorry, but made no attempt to apologize.

Gjermund Ströms-hagen and Sigrid had been much together while growing up. They had played together by the river and up by the bridge, and the *sæters* (mountain pastures) were opposite each other. But the parents were less acquainted, as they belonged to different families. The farms did not lie so near as would seem at a first glance, because really the ferry was some distance farther down, where the parish road from the Evjen side went over the river next to the fjord. From Ströms-hagen there was only a foot-path or riding-trail.

But the children, as stated, played much together. When Sigrid, who was three years younger, was seen between the birches by the river bank, Gjermund generally stood on the other

side with his fish pole. From a projecting stump, under which the stream was narrow, he could, by the help of his pole, easily swing himself over to the lower bank, and when he had built a dam and house for her, he would return home by the bridge in the gorge. She usually followed him, but was forbidden to cross the bridge. It was dangerous, her father said; besides, she had nothing to do over there.

After the lawsuit it was otherwise; but none the less had they an eye to each other, even after they were grown. Bjerkenaaven is so much higher than in the summer Gjermund could see the whole Evjen sæter; and though he was but a speck on the mountain, he was always noticed by Sigrid. Gjermund often went hunting, and it happened several times when he went that way, that they met in the meadow and talked a good deal. At church, on the contrary, they scarcely spoke, though they often stood near each other.

At Ströms-hagen they had a mouse-gray horse, of which Gjermund was not a little proud. It was exceedingly well built, with broad chest, small feet, an unusually pretty little head, with large eyes, and small, lively ears. The only fault strangers could find was that possibly its haunches were rather steep, but in this locality that was not considered a blemish, as such horses were often the best, and this peculiarity was the result of living on the mountain land, where there must be more or less climbing. It had been raised on the farm from a colt, and was now eight years old.

The charm was always new when Graaen came bounding in from distant field or pasture and whinnied by the gate or galloped up to see how everything was at home, expecting a handful of salt or some extra petting. Then it would trot, with the dog barking at its heels, to the stable door, stealthily stick its head into the well known dark stall, turn with a sudden toss of the neck, making the dark mane and the bushy forelock fly, as it circled around the barnyard, sniffing at one thing and another, until it finally stopped in front of the house door. There it would quietly await the course of events, and if the time was too long the body gradually disappeared in the hall till one could only see the whisking tail and hind feet out on the door stone, and then they must drive Graaen out to get the hall door open.

No matter how it fared with the rest of the flock — and the spring grass is often enough short and insufficient when here, as on other grazing farms, they are apt to have too much stock — Graaen was always fat and in good condition. It

was known, though not spoken aloud, that the little chore boy down at the stable had done this for his pet. So it was always Graaen that was first at the stall door, every time it came springing into the yard with braided mane, which no one must undo, else the horse would then become as poor as it was now plump.

Graaen had also struck up an acquaintance and friendship with those at Evjen. Once when it was a colt and went into the steep pasture on the other side, Sigrid had found it and thrown some flat bread to it over the stream. Every time afterward when it saw her, it ran whinnying down the hill, and after dropping the last mouthful of grass, waited with upraised head for whatever would come. Then it would follow along the river as she went on the other side.

One day it cautiously tried going over the bridge by the gorge, at last reaching the farm, where Sigrid and her brothers and sisters had given it flat-bread and salt in abundance. Though the people at Strömshagen sought to hinder it, that royal meal proved too tempting for Graaen's memory, and in defiance of bolts or bars, it made the forbidden trip again and again. One summer afternoon, as it stood there in the farmyard, the youngest child crept to the well, which was open and uncovered. The child lay with its arms hanging over, when Graaen took hold of its frock with the teeth and lifted it some distance away. After that Graaen seemed to have a sort of right there. Jon Evjen had not liked to have it come heretofore, now he never drove it away, but let it go when it would, which was always after they had given it something to eat. It kept the foot-path without stepping on or eating of the growing grain.

When Gjermund went up the road to church or to a wedding, or down to the court, he oftenest rode slowly, as he knew folks stared after him, and would say he was proud of the horse. He pretended also not to see all those who stood around where he tied it. By these opportunities he had shown what it amounted to; he had accomplished the journey from the country merchants' by the fjord in less hours than there were miles, and the captain down at Moen always borrowed Graaen on training days.

Afterward, when suitors began to frequent Evjen, Gjermund got in the habit of riding much faster, and was, on the whole, more uneasy. In company he indulged in words not becoming to a young man, drank and played cards carelessly, especially with those who could better afford to lose than he. Gjermund was strong and fearless

enough to keep free from fighters, of whom there are always a few in every community; those whom he sought to attack both with hand and tongue were always the sons of the richest people in the parish, or rather those whom he thought likely to have an errand to Evjen. In this way he began to get a bad name, and was looked upon with distrust, particularly by old Jon Evjen. One day the ravine bridge fell down. According to an old custom each farm should share equally the expense of keeping it in repair. But when Gjermund went over to arrange the matter, Jon answered squarely that he had no use for the bridge and could not see that Gjermund had. If any road was required from one farm to another they had now the public highway. The ravine bridge had been built in the old time before there was any public road.

The reason Jon had answered so decidedly was that he had recently heard what people were saying about Gjermund—that it was dangerous to go to Evjen on account of Gjermund Strömshagen, and that Sigrid must have him in her mind, since she refused all others. He had also heard that Gjermund went hunting around Evje pasture, and was now trying to get into the good graces of both him and his daughter.

Sigrid stood out in the yard by the well, with some work. She greeted him but did not go into the house. On his way back he passed her farther down the hill, where she stood alone. Looking at her earnestly, he said: "Now Graaen can come no more over the gorge, Sigrid. Your father will listen only to the main road."

"Perhaps that will be the shortest after all, Gjermund," she replied softly.

"There are so many going that way now-a-days, and I have no large farm to inherit," he said bitterly.

"I will wait, you know," she said, still more softly, looking down.

"God bless you for those words, Sigrid. It is likely I will need to hear them again," said Gjermund as he strode away.

They were both very pale, and the conversation—it was for them a veritable tryst—on account of those at the house, could only be held as they were passing, but he picked up the blooming flower her hand had held.

Gjermund had always felt sore because people said that, no richer than he was, he ought to do as other folks would, sell the horse, for which he could get perhaps forty dollars. He cared no longer what they said, and to everybody's wonder

was friendly and obliging in all ways. His idea was to sell Graaen to a good man whom he knew would treat it kindly, and there would probably be some way to get it back again, because now he would start out as a horse dealer.

Between the people in this district and those on the other side of the mountain there was much ill feeling, both about the mountain meadows and woodland, so it was an old hatred. They fought when they met in the markets, and it was said up on the mountain that much had happened which would not bear the knowledge of the government authorities. It was therefore an unheard of phenomenon, when Östen Storsæt, from over the mountain, came riding to Evjen; all understood his errand, and furthermore that he was rejected. Those in the home parish rejoiced at this, but over the mountain they thought Östen Storsæt ought to seek Gjermund Strömshagen, as it was well known he had caused the trouble the day Östen Storsæt least liked it. He was a man who had much money in many places, but here in this neighborhood he owned not a shilling's worth, so many laughed and wondered how things would turn out, because in strength he could not compete with Gjermund Strömshagen.

Before St. John's day the sheriff held the tax auction up by Kirkevandet. This was a mere form of law, as every one knew. The sheriff would wait for the taxes until it was convenient to pay, but they had to go through the form according to law, though the sheriff himself was the only bidder. This year, however, punctually at stroke of the clock, several men came riding into the yard. Among them was Östen Storsæt. After the usual salutations they sat down and listened to the crying. When the turn came for the gray horse which was mortgaged for last year's tax, Östen bid twelve dollars. The sheriff looked at him earnestly, explained that it was against the custom of that district to bid that way, and added that it was a shamefully small offer.

"He is a poor magistrate who has not learned the law," answered Östen sharply, as he took from his pocketbook a roll of money. "I believe the hammer here, as in other places, is put down with the best lawful bid."

The officer reddened, but went on with the auction.

When Gjermund heard that Graaen had been sold in this way for taxes and that it must be taken away by the deputy sheriff, he was fairly beside himself with rage, and only thought of revenge, until the whole meaning of his loss

burst upon him, and then he sat whole hours without moving. The day Graaen was to go away he went into the stall and caressed it. He stood a long time in deep thought with his elbows over its back, and did not notice that his mother came to the house door several times and looked wistfully at him; neither did he notice that she presently went down to Evjen dressed in her best clothes.

She greeted those in the house by saying if "little Sigrid" cared to see Graaen before it should leave the farm, she must go home with her now. It was afternoon, just before supper time. There was nothing about the pale face in the black hat with its white ribbons, that Sigrid's parents should consider this anything but a natural request. She had always been kind to the children and they thought much of her.

After a little delay, during which she must be treated to Bergen cake and coffee, Sigrid accompanied her, bare-headed but in her Sunday gown with white sleeves, which at church were usually covered by the dark sack. The shadows were growing long and slanting, and the afternoon sun cast red rays over the mountain top, which were reflected in the windows at Strömshagen, while these two walked slowly up the hill on the other side of the river, the one withered and stooping under the great dark head covering, the other small and straight with braided golden locks, but she also went with bowed head, with thoughts that weighed heavily on her mind.

When they arrived at the farm a third person appeared. It was the deputy sheriff. Gjermund had put the best bridle on the horse and stood with the halter in his hand ready to deliver his pet. When he saw Sigrid he started, but greeted her and turned very pale. The mother immediately invited the officer into the house that he might have something to eat, as she thought he would need it for the disagreeable task he must needs perform, and besides it was late in the day.

And so the two were left standing out there with the horse. Sigrid laid her head on its shoulder and patted it on the neck. Then she offered it some salt and bread she had brought, but Graaen only whinnied gently, and would not eat. It understood there was something wrong. In the meantime Gjermund stood silent with his elbows on the animal's back. Finally he said in a low voice, "It seems that more than Graaen shall leave the farm to-day, Sigrid."

Then she laid her hand fast in his over Graaen's back and looked at him tearfully, as if she never-

theless trusted him entirely; their faces were of the same height, hers light and blushing, his dark and pale.

"I shall try, Sigrid," continued he, answering her thought, "but there is little to begin with."

"You can be a tradesman, Gjermund, and be clever. So have many worthy men in the parish begun before you."

"How did you know I had thought of it?"

"I understood it, and—your mother told me."

At this moment the officer appeared at the house door, and as they grasped each other's hands she whispered—"God will help you, Gjermund, and I will wait."

Then the man took the bridle out of Gjermund's hand, and after they had given the animal the last parting pat, he led the resisting Graaen after him, and all three followed down the hill to the gate. There they separated.

The next morning before day, Gjermund drove a cow and heifer before him on the fjord road; these he sold to the country merchant, filled his satchel with small wares and started off as a peddler.

[To be concluded in the October number.]

NOTES AND NEWS.

HENRIK IBSEN, since his return home, advocates social reforms in the interests of women and workingmen.

GLADSTONE, since his recent cruise to Norway, declares himself extremely well pleased with the country and the people.

E. M. OLDE, formerly professor of languages at the University of Lund, Sweden, died recently at the age of 83 years.

COUNT CARL SNOILSKY, the eminent Swedish poet (Sven Tröst), who for years has lived in foreign countries, has returned to Sweden.

THE export of sheep to England from Denmark was doubled from 1879 to 1883; that of cattle increased to thrice the amount of the first year.

GABRIEL AASGAARD, who recently died in the country near Christiania, Norway, was for generations regarded as one of the most prominent yeomen in Norway.

BARON HOCHSCHILD, the late Swedish minister of foreign affairs, has been succeeded by Count Ehrensward, lord lieutenant (*Landshöfding*) at Gothenburg.

THE commission for a new Scandinavian maritime code for all three countries has for some time been sitting at Modum, Norway, the well known summer resort.

AT the recent international gymnastical performances at the exposition at Antwerpen, the Norwegians, and specially the Swedes from Gothenburg, attracted the main attention.

A MONUMENT to commemorate the fight of General Sandels and his Finns against the Russians for the independence of the country at Virta Bridge was unveiled on the 18th of August.

L. O. SMITH, the "whisky king" and workingman's friend in Sweden, opposes strenuously the great expenses for improvements and consequent large loans contracted by the city of Stockholm.

AMONGST the meetings in the Scandinavian countries in August is a congress of school teachers in Christiania; of peace-friends in Gothenburg; and a little later one for rifle-shooting in Stockholm.

MR. H. L. BRÆKSTAD, the excellent translator of several Scandinavian works, has lately issued in London and New York an admirable translation of Mrs. Edgren's celebrated play, "True Women."

THE Swedish Academy of Art celebrated on August 1 the 150th anniversary of its foundation by Karl Gustaf Tessin in 1735. Prof. Nyblom delivered the oration, and an exposition was opened.

THE Danish government has refused the annual support previously granted to eight of the peasant high schools in Denmark, on account of their principals having taken part in demonstrations against the government.

JOHAN SVERDRUP'S new proposal of an extension of the common school system has provoked some opposition from the free peasant high schools, for whom there is thought not to be sufficient room in the new arrangement.

MR. K. A. LINDERFELT, of Milwaukee, has had printed for private circulation a dainty little book—quite a model of tasteful, typographical elegance—descriptive of the mysteries of the game of "Preference," or Swedish whist.

STRINDBERG, the radical Swedish author, regards the common patriotism as something unsound; the idea of fatherland is, according to his opinion, something stolen and imported. His opinion is, to a certain extent, shared by Mathew Arnold.

THE appointment of Mr. Yrjö Koskinen, as secretary of culte and instruction in Finland, is looked upon with some apprehension by reason of his radical ideas on questions regarding the introduction of the Finnish language where Swedish is now used.

THE Emperor of Russia visited recently, on board his yacht, several places in Finland for the first time since his accession as emperor. The excellent progressive state of poor, but relatively free and self-governing, Finland, cannot but attract general attention.

AMONG recent musical compositions we note a series of songs by Madame Hilma Berg, of Buffalo, who has set to music a number of the poems of Dr. Frederick Peterson, whose excellent literary productions have appeared from time to time in SCANDINAVIA.

A SWEDISH newspaper in Skåne, one of the provinces conquered from Denmark in the middle of the seventeenth century, advocates, not the restitution to Denmark or the independence of the southern provinces, but the introduction of greater local autonomy, as in Switzerland or in the United States.

It is characteristic that two men, arrested in Denmark because they guided a police-master down from the orator's tribune, at an opposition meeting, have been refused bail. The telegraph reports the arrest of members of the parliament for probably similar offences.

In the *Journal des Débats*, André Mori writes an article defining Strindberg's "Giftas" ("To be Married") as a book not very radical, but of a mild, blond, Northern, socialistic sort, influenced by French realistic authors like Guy de Montpausant and Zola, but still sentimental.

NATIONAL museums are recent increases of the attractions of Stockholm and Copenhagen. They illustrate the manner of life of the people in olden and modern times, as other collections show that of the kings. In Copenhagen, also, a Scandinavian Panopticon has recently been opened.

At a meeting of the council on the Danish island of St. Croix, West Indies, the Governor, Mr. Arendrup, pronounced against the desirability of a commercial treaty with the United States. Possible privileges for the island would be more than paid by the loss of income from the import duties.

THE Danish minister of interior, Mr. Hilmar Finsen, resigned by reason of sickness, has been succeeded by Mr. Ingerslev, a landlord from Jutland, of Marselisborg, known as a true follower of Mr. Estrup. *Dagbladet* had recommended that Mr. Scavenius, the minister of culte, would rather take the interior.

WORSAAE, titular chamberlain of the King, professor at the University, director of several museums in Copenhagen, for a short time minister of culte and instruction, who recently died, was one of the great archaeologists of Europe. Some of his best books treat of the Danish conquest and its consequences in England.

THE city of Stockholm has, with Landmandsbanken at Copenhagen, Bleichröder in Berlin, and Behrens Söhne in Hamburg, contracted a loan of 8,000,000 crowns at 4 per cent, on a basis of ninety-eight. The subscriptions of the public exceeded by far this amount—a new testimony of well managed northern finances.

THE Icelanders are not satisfied with their constitution. They demand the appointment of a viceroy ("Jarl"), with a minister responsible to the Althing, universal suffrage, the King limited to a suspensive veto, their own flag, their own university, and still other great changes. A meeting at Thingvalla, the plain of the old assemblies, has pronounced for their demands, which are also mooted in the Althing. It will not be conceded in Copenhagen.

RECENT researches have brought a little more knowledge regarding Niels Ebbeson, who in 1340, slew Count Gert the Bald, of Holstein, and freed Denmark from German dominion. Formerly not much more was known than what is told by the ballad. It seems from several documents and from an epitaph in a church that he, although no knight—only an esquire, "*Vabner*," not "*Ridder*,"—was a gentleman of means belonging to the family of Strangesen, and related to the rich noblemen, Niels Bugge, of Hald, and Povl Glob.

PRINCE VALDEMAR, the third son of the King of Denmark, is going to marry Princess Helen of Orleans, daughter of the Duke of Chartres. The Danish newspapers say

that this will be the first marriage between a Danish prince and a French princess since Canute the Mighty, of Denmark and England, married Emma of Normandy, the widow of Edmund Ironsides. The wedding will take place in a short time at Copenhagen in the presence of the whole royal family, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

In *Nature* of the 9th of July is found a sketch of a mammoth discovered in the library of Linköping, a description of which was first published by Prof. Nordenskiöld in "*Ymer*," part 7-8, 1884. The drawing is rather fantastic. The animal is represented with horns and claws. It was donated to the library by Baron Hagg, who returned from a thirteen years' captivity in Russia and Siberia in 1722. An interesting inscription on the drawing tells us that this animal "is living in the earth and that it dies as soon as it comes into the air."

In an interesting analysis of "Two Views of Shelley" in *The Critic*, James A. Harrison, says: "'Cor Cordium,' that piece of pathetically inaccurate Latin due to Leigh Hunt, which marks the burial spot of Shelley's heart at Rome, is the text on which Brandes, the Danish critic, founds his brilliant study of Shelley. It is not too much to say that this is one of the most penetrating and interior criticisms of an atheist-pantheist by a Jew, and it is expressed in such words as show that the Danish is one of the most finished vehicles of contemporary thought."

THE biography of Queen Margaret of Scandinavia, is the first of a series of biographies issued in London under the title of "The Women of Europe in the Sixteenth Century." The authoress, Mrs. Napier Higgins, has chiefly made her studies in Lübeck. She tells us that the wisdom and power of this remarkable queen were fully recognized by her contemporaries; they admired her tact in managing the kingdoms, subordinating her own prejudices and sympathies with national jealousy, whenever the interest of the united kingdoms were involved, and recognized her justice and impartiality in dealing with offenders, were they noblemen or peasants, which strengthened the trust of her subjects in her government, and gave it an exceptional power.

FORMERLY the history of Denmark was written from the standpoint of the absolute kings, and later, at all events, only from that of democracy. Recently, several authors have, to a certain extent, been able to vindicate the ability of the old Danish gentry. It is generally supposed that the aristocratic council entirely neglected the defense of the country, and that this was the main reason for which the absolute government was introduced in 1660. As an instance has been mentioned "Rigsmarsk" Anders Bilde when he gave up Jutland in the last year's of King Christian IV. Now it is shown that it was the prince hereditary, Frederik, who, with his Holsteiners, refused to co-operate with the Danish army, and thus weakened the defense.

"COMPTES RENDUS," of the 6th of July, contains an article by M. Belois on "La Lèpre en Norvège." Leprosy is found in Norway along the coast and there only. "Leproseries" have been built in Bergen and Trondhjem, but it is not obligatory to enter them, and there is no absolute isolation of the patients even there. M. Belois finds that though the character of the evolutions of the leprosy varies,

still there is only one disease. If leprosy be contagious, it is only in a very slight degree. It is an undisputed fact that leprosy becomes more and more rare in Norway. Leprous families die out in a few generations in consequence of mortality, celibacy and isolation; leprosy destroys itself. This coincides with the investigations of the few cases of leprosy amongst the Norwegians in the American Northwest.

When the decoration of the large church in Copenhagen known as Marmorkirken (the marble church) is finished, Copenhagen will have an abstract of the history of the church in bronze. Beginning at the statue of Moses and walking east the student will find eighteen statues twelve feet high placed around the lower edge of the cupola in chronological order, Luther being the eighteenth. Those of Athanasius, Chrysostome, Ambrose and Augustin are already in place; Jerome, Benedict of Nursia, Gregory the Great and Bernhard of Clairvaux will follow next month; John Wycliffe, John Huss, Irenaeus and Polycarp will be finished in 1886, and those of Luther, Moses, Elias, John the Baptist and the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul in 1887.

DR. V. C. UCKERMANN, a physician of the Norwegian marine, appointed to investigate the condition of health of the children in the schools for deaf-mutes outside of Christiania, calls attention to the fact that the greater part of these are not born deaf-mute, and have only become so through neglect. The abnormal condition of the ear that might have been cured is the cause of the dumbness. He recommends a thorough medical investigation; thinks it to be the duty of the government to investigate the cases of inherent deafness, point out the causes—marriage between relatives, for instance—and, if necessary, legislation on the subject. He advocates the plan proposed in Germany of having the children's condition of health regularly investigated and reported upon by a specialist once a year. He hopes that the government in this way will be able to reduce the number of deaf-mutes fifty per cent.

THE Norwegian cabinet has been completed by the appointment of Mr. H. R. Astrup as minister of public works. Mr. Astrup is a prominent merchant who has made a fortune, at first in Spain and later as one of the most prominent lumber dealers in Stockholm, where he was known as the supporter of the national interests of Norway. He had now retired to his native valley in Norway. The appointment seems to meet general approval. Mr. Richter, who wanted to return to his former place as consul general in London, will now for a while remain as a member of the cabinet. He will probably later be replaced by Mr. Steen, president of the Storting, whose presence in the cabinet was wished from the beginning by the party of the Left, but was opposed by the king. Mr. Johan Sverdrup, the premier, who until now has had the care of several of the matters given into the hands of the new minister of public works, will for the future be minister both of war and of marine—"of defense."

F. V. S. PROSCH, professor of the Royal Danish Agricultural and Veterinary College, who lately died, was an author of the highest scientific merit. It is, however, doubtful whether his influence on the stock-raising of Denmark was an unmixed good. He induced the best farmers of the country to develop their national races rather than to cross with foreign stock. He was probably,

to a great extent, right with the races of horses, the heavy plow horses of Jutland and the fine riding horses of Frederiksborg in Sealand. Also the excellent milch cows of the Danish islands, the "Angelko," originally introduced from Angeln in Sleswick, could not be surpassed for dairy purposes. It is, however, different with the Jutland cow, which is seldom a race decidedly developed, either for the dairy or for the butcher. The Swedes have made mistakes by unscientific crossing and by the introduction of graded stock before their agriculture was developed enough to sustain the better race properly. It has, however, been calculated that Danish Jutland has lost millions by retaining too long the native race, instead of introducing pure or mixed shorthorns, which develop one or two years earlier than the Jutish cow.

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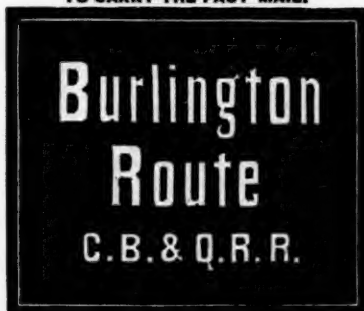
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Iowa and Arkansas. All letters of inquiry fully answered with-
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